

Self-Denial.

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Down through the Jordan's swelling
tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the
ransomed,
Anking upon the other side?

Nay, but I Yield

me.—Nay, but I yield (B.T. 30, S.M.
I, 319).

When shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again,
To her eternal rest?

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

Oh! what avails my strife,
My wanderings to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! whither shall I go?

To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Thou hast lead a suffering life below,
To gild my worthless hour!

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

Christ's Supreme Self-Denial.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,
Richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Could it, Lord, that I should boast
Of gains in the death of Christ, my God;
The vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

From His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
And e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
So amazing, so divine,
I shall have my soul, my life, my all!

A Grand Old S.-D. Solv.

me.—Heaven's a beautiful city (S.M.
11, 62).

How much can you suffer for
Jesus?
In His service how much will you
lose?
His cross will you still kneel, ador-
ing,
And the cross which He gives you
re-use?

I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord!
I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to
praise:
Sure you race the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner up-
raise?

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is, the
same:
Could you seek to gain by His suffer-
ings,
Nihilist shirking a share in His
shame?

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
In the way to the crown He will
give?
Who are cruel deceivers and slanders:
A life on these terms will you live?
"Smitten, and yet not forsaken!"
"Not destroyed," though often "cast
down."
"Truthful," yet counted "deceivers."
Our God will our characters crown!

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THE

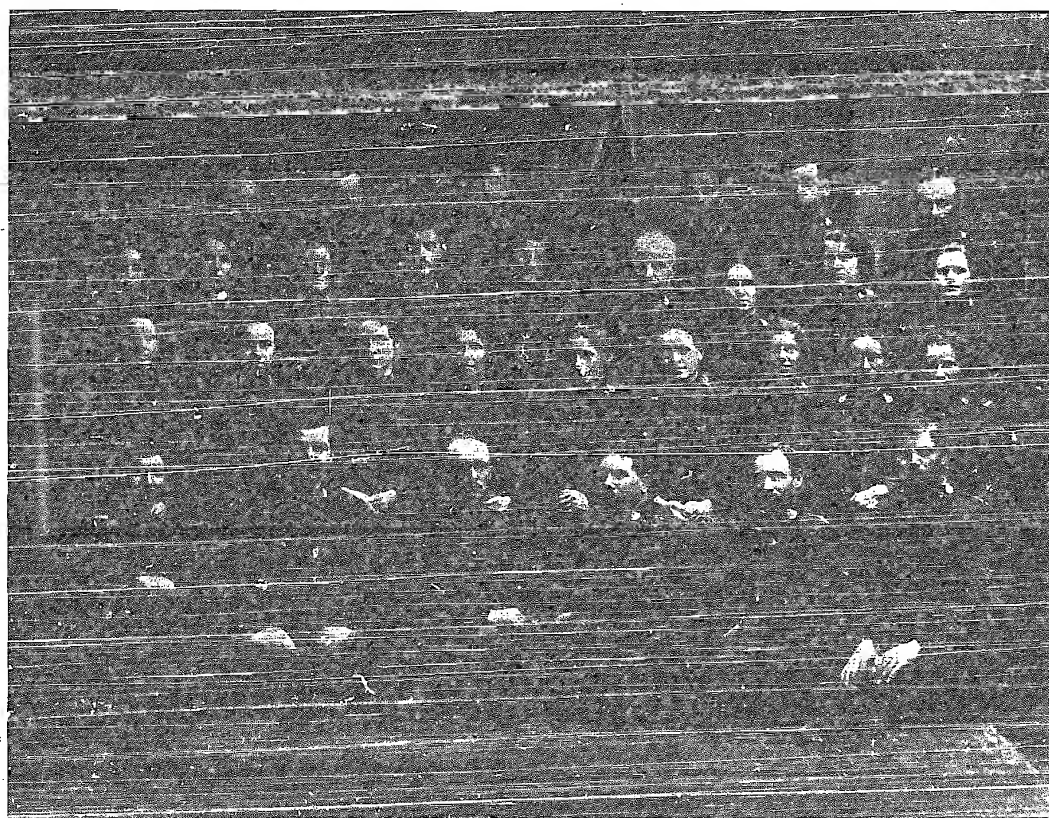
WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 8 WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1899. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissionaire. Price, 5 Cents.

A Memento of the Recent Staff Councils at Toronto.

The Field Commissioner, Chiefs of Provinces, and Headquarters' Departments.



MAJOR SOUTHAL, West Ontario Province.	MAJOR SWEETON, Comptroller of Finance.	BRIGADIER PUGHNE, Men's Social Secretary.	MAJOR HARGRAVE, East Ontario Province.	MAJOR PICKERING, Eastern Province.	MAJOR COLLIER, Financial Secretary.
MRS. MAJ. HOEH: MRS. MAJ. SOUTHAL.	MRS. MAJ. SWEETON.	COL. JACOBS, Chief Secretary.	MISS BOOTH, Field Commissioner.	LT.-COL. WARDSETT, Territorial Secretary.	MRS. MAJ. HARGRAVE: MRS. MAJ. PICKERING: MRS. MAJ. COLLIER.
MRS. BRIC. HOWELL.	MRS. BRIC. FRIEDRICH.	DNIC. MRS. READ.	MRS. COL. JACOBS.	MRS. COL. HARGRETT.	MRS. BRIC. SHARP.
BRIGADIER HOWELL, Pacific Province.	BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH, Editor.	MAJOR HORN, Trade Secretary.	BRIGADIER SHARP, Newfoundland.	BRIGADIER CASKIN, General Secretary.	MAJOR TURNER, Central Ont. Province.

the wind-up of our first
D. P., and during the evening
conducted 24 meetings and
at the Mercy Seat.

Relations and Friends:
for missing persons in any part
mid and, as far as possible, and
and children, or any one in difficulty
sioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Alton
mark "Inquiry" on the envelope
be sent, if possible, to destroy
and Friends are requested to look
in this column and to notify
they are able to give any information
verified for.

First Insertion.)

WILLIAM FLINT. Age 22, medium height, blue eyes, fair complexion. One ear torn and been badly burned. Last seen 2, from Calgary. Was in England. Address Enquiry.

HN. Age 51 years, height
brown hair, blue eyes, fair
Last known address c/o
Torrance, 34 Carlton St.
fe anxious. Address En-

MARY JANE (nee McCall last heard of 7 years ago unacc, Queenstown, Aus-ved to have gone to South Address Enquiry, Toronto

ON, WILLIAM. Stone-
heard of 6 years ago, at
road, Munster Road, Ful-
d. And his son.

ON, WILLIAM ROBERT.
board H. M. S. Empress
ached to the Mediterranean
ationed at Malta, on July

Wanted, information re-
elderly gentleman called
by. Reported owner of a
claim. Believed to have

ago leaving a large fortune in gold fields of America, or children. Any informant giving the above will be gladly rewarded by Commissioner E. C. Ross, Montreal, Toronto.

SEPH, sometimes HOS-
O, short, dark hair and
moustache. Left Montreal
er, 1897, for Crow's Nest
heard from August 15th
x. Bell, McLeod's. Ad-
7, Toronto.

RUSSELL. Age 28,
sandy complexion, brown
features, mole on chin.
born in Oaklake, Manitoba.
Mother very anxious.
Winnipeg, Toronto.

cond. Insertion

ARY, MRS. Dark com-
5 ft. 6 in. Last address
9 Centre Street, Toronto.
7 delicate. A printer by
ds in England anxious.
dry, Toronto.

JOHN. Age 80 years,
rmer. Last address To-
England anxious. Ad-
Toronto.

MRY. English, height 6 ft., dark complexion, left foot lame, age about 60 years. He was at Haddington station, New South Wales, looking for men's hut, and interested awaits him. Ad-

, Toronto.
 , ISAAC. Left Wood-
 in 1852, aged 9 years at
 ga to hear from any re-
 lada. Address Enquiry.

said that greater calamity on mankind by Indian by the three great urges--War, Pestilence. This is true for us, and use of our discredit and B. Gladstone.



OUR WINNERS

I am not great on banquets, otherwise I should have to say that the same individuals got up a splendid affair on Monday, Oct. 30th, in connection with the opening of the new barracks. This was followed by a bright little meeting, which must result in good. We should have a future in Moose Jaw now that prospects are so promising.

Officers' Quarters, Carberry, Mar

SHRIMPS ON WAR CRY.

Mrs. Adj. Ward and a soldier of the Worthing corps, England, were out beating Crys, when they came upon a catastrophic in the shape of an over-enthusiastic soldier's borrow, a shoal of shrimps took to the water and the dissolved poster being laughed at by an unsympathetic crowd.

In a twinkling a brand new War Cry appeared out upon the ground, and the soldiers and sailors were down upon their knees picking up the new War Cry shrimps. The laughing crowd, swayed now by interest rather than by amusement, crowded round, and even a "bobby" turned up to view the fraudulent scene. The crowd, however, became so contented hushful with a "more over" to the crowd and left the scene.

Lieut.-Col. Margetts
AT LETHBRIDGE.

Perhaps the most astonished of the crowd was the coster himself. In two shakes his harrow was righted by the Salvationists, and the shrimps restored to their former position. Giving the coster a Cry to put in his pocket, the Salvationists passed on their way, the matter ended, as they thought.

Not so, however; for the coster, who had never come into touch with the Salvation Army before, felt drawn to go and see these "miracle-workers."

Now, this coster had a wife, and, naturally enough, she was the first to whom he hurried, after the meeting, to impart the good news. Another surprise awaited him. She, too, had been to the barracks and found salvation during the week, but had not yet screwed up enough courage to tell him about it.

On arrival at the barracks, a reception was given to the visitors, when about 40 soldiers and immediate

The happy couple come regularly to the meetings and open-air, and they are likely to be sworn-in as soldiers before very long.

Officers' Quarters.

S. A. Baranaka.

Rescue Name

The World for Christ.

WHAT WILL YOU DO TO BRING IT ABOUT?

BY THE GENERAL.

Crowds of the ungodly around us are always going to be saved. They are not right; far from it. On the wrong road; they know it only too well. But they intend to stop and turn round and start for heaven some future day.

Close to the spot where I am writing, connected with the corps of which I am a soldier, a young man belonging to this class unexpectedly went to his account before the Great Judge only last week. He belonged to a gang of roughs that regularly attended the hall. He had made some pretensions to religion in the past. He was civil and attentive in the meetings, but when urged to accept salvation there and then always met the proposal with a steady "No." He was quite sure of being saved at some future day. Only the very Sabbath before he said, "Yes, I shall, I will, I must; BUT NOT NOW." A day or two afterwards he was riding in a cart, the horse unexpectedly bolted, he lost his footing, fell out, wheel went over him—and he was no more.

What a multitude met in the same manner, and perish after the same unexpected fashion! And, what is equally disastrous in its results, what a multitude there are who are always going to set to work to save the souls of their kindred, neighbors and friends; but it is at some other time—at some future date. And, while they are making up their minds, the people sicken and die and are damned!

Alas! I have many Salvation Soldiers, and even some Salvation Officers, and I fear, belonging to this class, and I want to enquire when they are going to wake up and go to work with all their might to save men and women around them from their impending doom? What, my comrades, will you do, and do here and now, towards bringing the world to Christ?

A Delusive Religion.

What a mockery, a delusion, and a snare must that religion be, whether professed by church or corps, that is too much occupied by affairs internal or external to be doing the work for which it exists! What should be the work of the members of a Fire Brigade, or a Lifeboat Crew, who were too much taken up with their bathhouse, or their apparatus, or their business, or something else, to be fetching the drowning people off the wrecks in the bay, or rescuing the women and children from the upper stories of their burning houses? And what is true of societies must be true of the individuals composing them. The church will be no better than its individual members, or the corps than its individual soldiers. The saint and the soldier, who is not faithfully, continuously, and self-denyingly engaged in helping Jesus Christ to get His own, are unfaithful to their fellowmen.

And yet, what a crowd there are who will tell you that they have too much other work, too many pressing engagements, or too serious family anxieties, to find time or heart or money to save the people perishing by their sides! Oh, comrades, we say over and over again to the slayer, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But may we not ask, What shall it profit the professed followers of Jesus Christ, or the Salvationists, or the people supposed to be possessed by the Blood-and-Fire religion, who are too much occupied in gaining the world, or tending to the business of the world, or too much absorbed in the anxieties of the world, to find time, or energy, or money, to save the souls of their husbands, and wives, and children, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends, and neighbors? "Comrades, rouse ye, war is raging, God and devils are battling raging; Every ransomed power engaging; Break the tempter's spell. Dare ye still be fondly dreaming, Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming While the multitudes are streaming Downward into hell?"

What WILL YOU DO?

No, army with the castle building, and promises of what you hope to do,

intend to do, promise to do in the future, and tell me frankly what you will do to help your Lord.

1. **WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF RECOGNITION OF YOUR POSITION AS A SOLDIER OF CHRIST?** Look your opportunity and your duty squarely in the face. Regard yourself as a soul called not only to be saved from hell and live a holy life, but to fight for your Lord and the rescue of the lost, and accept the work. Put on your uniform if you have not done so; wear some badge which tells heaven and earth that you have the honor to be one of God's fighting host, and say to all else whom it may concern:

"I'm a soldier; should you want me, You will find me in the Salvation Army."

But do it now.

2. **WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF SURRENDER?** A soldier's life calls for it. He places himself in the hands of his leaders for liberty, life, and death. When done he is at rest; not done, or only imperfectly done, he is torn with agitations and conflicts. You are a Soldier. Have you made the surrender of your soul to God, the guidance of Conscience, and the direction of your Leader?

Some Salvationists, I am sorry to say, are all their lifetime torn and distracted by controversy, not with Orders and Regulations with which they conscientiously disagree, but with rules that command their highest approval. They do the things that they know they ought not to do, and leave undone the things they know and feel they ought to do. Hence there is little spiritual health or power in them. They are in conflict about wearing uniform, or becoming officers, or of laying their children at the Saviour's feet for that honorable post, or of giving some money that they feel called by the Spirit to offer up, or the doing of something else, because the doing of the same is not according to their liking or their taste. Will you and this miserable holding back from duty by making surrender to-day?

3. **WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF A CLOSER CONSIDERATION OF YOUR WORK?** Oh, how men get close up to their earthly tasks and travel round and round them, or turn them inside out, and clean and plan and plan how they can improve and do them better, or at greater speed, or more acceptable to the crowd, or more profitable to the producer. Contrast over-and-over-again methods by which they do the Lord's business, or what they count to be His concerns.

Comrades, won't you give looser, and fiercer, and more desperate consideration to the business you have to do for your Lord, and the souls He has purchased? How can you more efficiently do the work of your office, or your inspection of your corps, or your soldiers, or your Juniors, or your War Cry brigades, or your open-air, or public-house visitation, for any and everything else for which you are made responsible for by God and man? We want more work done, a great deal more work; but there is something we need more seriously will. **WE WANT THE WORK THAT IS TO BE DONE TO BE DONE WITH MORE THOUGHT,** and then there will be wonderful improvements, and greater and grander results.

4. **WHAT WILL YOU DO TO HELP YOUR LORD BY WAY OF GREATER EFFORT?** You do something to save the souls of the people. I wonder what it is! Do you ever totter it up at the close of the week and say to yourself, "That is my response to the claim that my Lord puts upon me." But, come, is that all you can compass? Can you fix the long range of labor your corps opens up to you? Select some other duty for which you can make yourself responsible. Think. Come, what is there?

Paul plants, Apollos waters, and God gives the increase. But the increase is ever according to the amount of planting and watering done. With more

planting and watering, we shall have greater, grander results. Come along, can you not do something more in the open-air, in selling literature, in the public-houses, among the children, or the barracks platform, with the singing, amongst the bandmen, with personal dealing? Oh, what chances! Oh, what would I not have given could I have had them when I was a plain soldier in the ranks!

Can you not do something more in your own family, or amongst your neighbors or workmates, or in your chamber with your communion with God, or reading His word, and so qualifying yourself for more effective public labor, or doing something in the way of giving your money with greater regularity and generosity; and in addition to all, and over all, and before all, can you do more in the way of desperate faith for the lost, or to win rich outpouring of the Holy Ghost not only on you, but on the Army as a whole?

Will you start afresh the more effectively to help your Lord—

By doing something you have long had a controversy about doing?

By doing something you have never thought of doing before?

By doing something that you see ought to be done?

By doing something that the Holy Ghost makes plain you ought to do, and ought to do now?

Short Sermons.

BY JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

The Sadness of Sin.

He could never endure another's humiliation, but, like every strong soul, felt himself bowed down at the same time with any abasement of humility.

Deathbed Religion.

Of all the hours of a man's life, his last must be the most indifferent as regards religion, inasmuch as it is the most unfruitful, and no seed can sprout in it which will bear any fruit of action.

Sinner and Saint.

How different are the sufferings of the sinner and those of the saint! The former are an eclipse of the moon, by which the dark night becomes still blacker and wilder; the latter are a solar eclipse, which cools off the hot day and casts a romantic shade, and wherein the nightingales begin to warble.

Religious Meditation.

I shut myself up to-night; I hear nothing but my thoughts; I see nothing but the night-suns which move across the heavens; I forget the weaknesses and strain of my heart, that I may get the courage to lift up my head as if I were good, as if I dwelt on the height where around the great man like constellations lie only God, eternity, and virtue.

Providence in History.

There were centuries when humanity was led with bandaged eyes, from one prison to another; there were other centuries when spectres rattled and overturned all night long, and in the morning nothing was disturbed; there can be no other centuries except those in which individuals die, but nations rise, and in which nations decay, but mankind rises; when mankind itself sinks and falls into ruins, and ends in the scattering of the globe in a dust-cloud.

What shall console us? A veiled eye behind the bounds of time, an infinite heart behind the world. There is a higher order of things than we can demonstrate; there is a Providence in the world's history, and in every one's life, which reason has the boldness to deny, and which the heart has the boldness to believe; there must be a Providence, which, according to other rules than we have hitherto assumed, links this confused earth as daughter-land to a higher city of God; there must be a God, a virtue, and an eternity.

The mischief of one bad man teaches farther than nine districts.

There is no difference between paupers and grandees without generosity.

Hail to the Major!

Winnipeg's Salvation Warriors Extend a Warm Welcome to their New Chief.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Almost every Salvation Army officer and soldier in the city, and many from other Manitoba points, mustered yesterday evening at the barracks to welcome their new commander-in-chief of the Manitoba S. A. forces. The street parade, which left the barracks at 7:30 o'clock, was most unique in conception, and proved a great success as a drawing card to the subsequent meeting in the barracks. The idea intended to be represented by the parade was the cosmopolitan nature of the structure and aims of the Salvation Army. At the head of the parade were four tall, well-dressed gentlemen, with canes and silk hats, representing the upper class of society. About thirty feet behind these walked four men dressed as mechanics; at an equal distance behind these came four "laborers," and at a like distance behind these were four "never works," who appeared to be very drunk, and their uncertain gait and frequent deviations from the general line of march convinced many in the crowds that lined the line of march that their "jags" were the real thing. Next in the procession marched a number of Salvation Army lasses wearing white sashes, who were followed by the Provost Marshal, Officer commanding, Major Southall. Next to the Major came the S. A. brass band. The entire parade was under command of Adj. Kerr. Large crowds and frequent demonstrations of welcome greeted the parade on the streets, and when the meeting opened in the barracks the spacious room was well filled. Across the front of the room stretched the motto, "Welcome to Major Southall and his family." After the customary opening remarks, Captain Cromarty spoke, welcoming Major Southall on behalf of the S. A. and citizens of Selkirk. Adj. Clark followed with an eloquent address, welcoming the new commandant on behalf of the country. The Adjutant's remarks were full of the spirit of western progress. He hoped the Major would soon grasp our western ideas, and go into the work on our western "wildcat" system.

Leut. Gamble sang effectively, "I stood outside the gate," after which Adj. C. Kerr spoke, welcoming the Major and his family on behalf of the local corps. Ensign Ottaway, late of Guelph, Ont., who has known Major Southall and served under him for many years, gave anecdotes of their former work, and expressed her high appreciation and great confidence in the Major as a commander and successful worker in God's cause. Ensign Perry also spoke, and was followed by a song, which was sung very sweetly by Major Southall's two little daughters. The Major's chief A.D.C., Adj. Cass, spoke briefly in the same strain and read an address of welcome.

Major Southall on rising to reply was greeted by a great outburst of applause. He was feeling far from well, but spoke briefly and effectively, thanking the officers and corps for their hearty welcome and expressing his faith in the energy and faithfulness of the western officers and believers with their assistance and God's blessing that a great work would be done for the Saviour in Manitoba. The Major told the story of his conversion in the Salvation Army and his call to do God's work.

Major Southall is a man of medium height, whose hair is already silvered by hard work more than by years, as he is just in the prime of life. His words are full of eloquence and his delivery impressive.

Mrs. Southall also spoke briefly. She stated that it had long been the desire of her heart to labor for Christ's cause in Winnipeg, and that now she had the desire of her heart. She had a burning desire to see God's Kingdom extended, and asked the prayers of all Christians for the success of their work. Mrs. Southall is a woman with a face and voice of remarkable sweetness, and her words have the faculty of commanding the attention of all within reach of her voice.

THE WAR CRY.

5



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General and Staff left for a nine days' tour in Germany. He will conduct ten public meetings in one of the largest halls in Berlin.

Miss Rhodes, sister of Cecil Rhodes, gave Adj. Murray several letters of introduction to South African notables just as the Adjutant was leaving Waterloo Station for the front.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is announced to hold an important meeting in the Temperance Hall, Derby. His worship the Mayor, Mr. E. T. Ann, will preside, supported by a number of other well known gentlemen.

Among the wounded in the skirmishes which took place in the Riverport Road Division, near Kimberley, were two of our Naval and Military leaders—Private H. Lee, 1st Royal North Lancashire, and Private Morris, 1st Gloucestershire.

The following comrades have returned from the Foreign Field and are taking British appointments: Mrs. Ensign George Williams, United States; Ensign Herbert Collier, from Canada; and Capt. Hannah Hughes, from British Guiana.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander held an immense meeting in the Auditorium, New York, commissioned 25 Cadets, and announced that the H. P. result amounted to nearly \$38,000. The Commander also paid a visit to Paterson, N. J.

The latest American Cry contains cuts of Staff-Capt. White and Ensign Josh Jones, Lts. of Canada.

Major Milne, who has been working among the United States troops in the Philippine Islands for over a year, will be returning to San Francisco. The United States Government is giving him a free passage on board one of their transport ships. The Major has acted as Salvation Army Chaplain to Uncle Sam's soldiery. On many occasions his mission has taken him on actual battlegrounds and several times he has been in the firing-line.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Adams have just lost a little baby, only a few days old. Mrs. Adams has been very low. Will comrades please pray for her.

Adj. and Mrs. Miller leave Boston Social Work and go to Chelsea Corps and Section. Adj. and Mrs. Stoner take their place.

NORWAY and SWEDEN.

In Norway, Colonel Musa Bhal is still holding meetings; good results are confidently expected. Recently our comrades in Norway have enjoyed greater privileges for open-air work, of which every advantage is being taken.

Commissioner Doughterley held an open-air in Student's Park, when fifteen thousand people were present.

In Finland, owing to the failure of the crops, much distress is expected. Lieut.-Colonel Poylson, is, however, believing for the best.

INDIA and CEYLON.

In an interesting letter from Colombo, Brigadier Prashu Das writes: "The people of Talampitiya, being low

caste, have for generations been deprived of the privileges of holding petty village offices, etc. Although the villages consist wholly of these people, and high caste people are brought from other parts to fill these positions. This method has entailed great injustice and persecution for the low caste, as is always the case. A large number of these Talampitiya people are our adherents—soldiers and recruits. They represented the matter to us. We advised them to send a petition to the Government Agent. In reply they said that, being low caste, they could not fill these positions; consequently we appeared. The matter was thoroughly gone into, and a reply from the Acting Governor states that instructions have been given for these people to hold the offices of headmen in their villages. That is a great victory, and the people are delighted."

The latest Indian Cry says: "Rumors and reports have been rife for some time past re the famine, and we have eagerly scanned the Weather Reports, only to be disappointed. We now find so keen an amount of distress in Gujarat and Rajputana, that our Headquarters in London have consented to our opening Grain Depots at our various centres of work. Before these lines are in print, some 21 will be organized and working, where grain will be sold at a loss to us of 25%, or four annas to the rupee. A small quantity is also weekly given to the extremely needy and starving cases. Thus again the Army has proved its practical love for the people among whom it works."

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has inspected the French Provinces and conducted enthusiastic councils of war at Nîmes.

One fact among many others. Late in a Priest of New Orleans, having excellent certificates from his Archbishop, came to the Paris Hotel de Ville. He had attended some meetings in America, but had not understood the truth fully. His soul was in trouble. After a long conversation with the officer in charge of our hotel, his mind became enlightened. A few days after he was kneeling at the penitential form and accepted a full and free salvation.

Staff-Capt. Desaulles conducted a meeting in a four store-room at Nureyoud, 12 souls found pardon and peace at the foot of the Cross.

At Lieetal, where so many officers were put in jail a few years ago, Ensign de Tavel conducted a big open-air meeting on one of the principal squares of the city. It is a powerful sign that our work is appreciated everywhere.

In German-Switzerland the town of Solcure has been opened.

Another hall has been taken in Paris, close to the Exhibition Buildings. Here we purpose holding salvation meetings for the benefit of the thousands who will be visiting the city during those months.

BELGIUM and HOLLAND

The Social branch of our work in Brussels is being pushed. Great things are expected from it during the coming winter season.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Marchale are more and more encouraged in their work. They expect to have a glorious winter campaign.

The Harvest Festival has been a success in every corps.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, the Marchale and Colonel Cosandey have conducted powerful and blessed officers' councils in Amsterdam, during which ten Candidates were publicly enrolled under our beloved flag.

ITALY.

The Harvest Festival was such a success that in some of the corps the barracks was not large enough to contain the crowds that wished to attend the proceedings.

At Fasslotti the success was due in great part to the juniors who earnestly worked with their hands several weeks in advance to contribute their part to the Festival.

There was this year an advance of 233.75 lire on the total income of last year.

Another cause of joy for the Italian was that every corps reported to Headquarters that the Harvest Festival had been attended with great spiritual blessing.

Brigadier Clibborn, of Italy, has secured a hall in Fies, a town of 30,000 inhabitants between Florence and Leghorn.

ICELAND.

"The Travellers' Home in Reykjavik has proved a great blessing and a help

to the poor and needy. From the 1st of May, 1898, to the 1st of May, 1899, 3,500 beds have been supplied, and 2,819 meals served.

The officers teach school, besides their other duties, and in that way get hold of the children, and the help and sympathy of the parents as well.

Staff-Capt. Rolfsen, who is in charge of the work, has just been on a tour to Isafford, a little town on the west coast of the island. He held several successful meetings on board ship, got over seventy new subscribers to the War Cry, sold 550 copies, and had a wonderful time spiritually.

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind to the Staff-Captain on his tour west, lending their rooms for meetings, etc., something that has never been done before.

Open-air meetings are well attended, the Army being the first to preach in the open-air in this country.

On a Sunday night recently, people of five different nationalities were each singing salvation songs in their own language in perfect harmony.

BARBADOES.

Adj. Leib, formerly J. S. Secretary for the Wales Province, has been appointed to succeed Staff-Capt. Wilgery in leading on our colored troops in Barbadoes. The Adjutant got ready for marching orders in little over a week. He sailed from Southampton on Nov. 1st.

Farewell of the South African Contingent.

A CONTINGENT OF NURSES TO FOLLOW

(From the English Cry.)

On Thursday night the comrades who have volunteered to go to South Africa to minister to the material and spiritual needs of the sick and wounded of both British and Boers, farewelled in a crowded meeting at the Congress Hall. The meeting was characterized by its enthusiasm. There was a large attendance of Headquarters' folk. The Zulus, too, who distinguished themselves so nobly at the Exhibition, bade farewell to their white brothers, whether with tears or not it is impossible to say, for translucent pearls would hardly have been discernible on their dusky skins!

Commissioner Ridsdell, whom the officers and soldiers cordially welcomed, avowed his love for

All Races and Colors,

and expressed his disappointment at being unable to see the end of the struggle in South Africa. He would like to have been at the front. He would like to have ministered to the spiritual and temporal needs of both armies, but he had no choice in the matter, and, therefore, had returned to England, and after all he was not sorry to be back in the Old Country again!

Commissioner Coombs wished the party God-speed on behalf of the British Field.

After the Zulus had finished a song in their native tongue, with some embellishment of a part-up dance striving for freedom, the South African Contingent stepped forward amidst cheers, which were redoubled when Commissioner Howard announced the promotion of Ensign Murray to the rank of Adjutant.

She said that she was a Salvationist, and although it came as a great surprise to her when she was asked to go to South Africa, she never thought for one instance of refusing to go.

"I feel glad, also, as I look at the lists of the officers—many of whom I know—who have fallen in the service of our country, that I have some share in the great end

Far More Important Warfare

against sin. I go with a desire to be of some service to my fellow-men. I ask you to pray for us as we take

words of cheer and comfort to the soldiers out there."

The Adjutant propounded a most practical suggestion. She invited those in the meeting who had sons or friends in South Africa to give her their names and that of their regiment, in order that she might take them a message from friends in Old England.

Capt. Aslman, whose parents were also on the platform, was greeted with enthusiasm. He was very sanguine as to the result of the expedition; not only would they attend to the soldiers of both forces in Africa, but they would return with an increased list of Leaguers.

Lieuts. Warriker and Haines spoke briefly, and expressed pleasure at the privilege of going to Africa to fight for God, and asked for the prayers of their comrades.

"The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth," said Commissioner Howard, "have decided to send out a further contingent to tend the sick and wounded, namely, Mrs. Booth's trained nurses, who will start as soon as possible for the front." (Volleys.)

Amidst further cheering, the Zulu party came forward in charge of Ensign Bradley, whom Commissioner Howard promoted to the rank of Adjutant. Of course, this meant a speech from the newly-made Adjutant.

"Well, friends," said the Adjutant, "I certainly have not done anything more than my duty—first to God, then to the General, to the Salvation Army, and to these colored friends of mine."

"I should like to tell you that these Zulus are four Blood-and-Pire warriors who have been saved and brought over with Salvation Army money—brought over, I may say, under the best of conditions, the Natal Government having modified the regulations in our case in order that we might the more easily obtain passes for their voyage." (Applause.) The Adjutant added that, although he was fond of England, yet he thought there was no place like Africa.

Then came testimonies from the four Zulus, which could not fail to impress the public as they were interpreted. The simplicity and pointedness of them were quite out of the usual.

Then came the inexpressible and always acceptable war-dance to "No, we never, never, never will give in."

The meeting concluded with a dedication of our comrades, and Commissioner Dowdell prayed the God's blessing might rest on them and their work.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

LESSON II.—(Continued.)

Think of the little child dying in its bed room, the reeling drunkard staggering to his bed of straw, ruined womanhood crying for vengeance, pale hunger dying in silence, discontentment plotting the downfall of society, bold blasphemy drowning the plea of a timid prayer; still the darkness lengthens its deadly shadows, and still the pit widens into the gloomier abyss, and in the face of facts which are their own eloquence, I venture to contend that the only force equal to the overwhelming occasion is a sanctified heart, a love like Christ's own, a compassion large and melting as the pity of God. It is love and love only that will lift depraved humanity up to God and heaven. Have we got this love? Have we got it as officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army? God grant that we may have a gift of this true, this lambent flame of love. We must first ask for it. The old idea of the ancients was that fire was stolen from heaven, but whether fire was stolen from heaven or not, love only comes from heaven. Ask God to give you love, it is love that saves you, and it is this divine love that will help you to save others.

"His love that makes our cheerful feet In swift obedience move."

"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Not one of us, not the very feeblest and poorest of us, but may by the power of kindness and love, win many from sadness to joy, from a life of guilty sin to a life of holiness, from a life lived without Christ to a life lived in Christ and for Christ. Love for fallen humanity is what we owe to Christ and the world. John Howard felt this and the world reveres his name. William Wilberforce felt this, and a million slaves were freed. John Wesley felt this, and he set England all ablaze. D. L. Moody felt this, and tens of thousands of precious souls were won to the Saviour. Charles F. Brady felt this, and he preached the Gospel of love and multitudes became converted to Christ. C. H. Spurgeon felt this, and preached it to perishing sinners and thousands rejoiced in a new-born love. Elizabeth Fry felt this, and many dungeons echoed with prayer, and song, and praise. Francis Willard felt this, and became the great apostle of the W. C. T. U., and now she is heaven-saved, but being dead yet speaketh. Catherine Booth felt this, and the Salvation Army has become a world-wide and soul-saving organization. Eva Booth felt this, and consecrated her young life to stem, and rescue, and Salvation Army work. Paul and Peter, and John felt this, and they were constrained by love to make known the love of Christ to a perishing world. Many whose names we know not, God's hidden ones, have felt this, and nights of misery have been turned into days of rejoicing. Inspired with this love that sees a brother in the poorest, and a friend in the most degraded and forsaken outcast, let us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Do this, and in doing it follow the beautiful example of Catherine Booth, who spent her whole life in doing good both to the bodies and souls of men. Monumental marbles may never record your name; no halo of warrior's fame may gild your memory; no theme for history's pen may your genius or achievements afford, but men and women and little children shall sit at home and tears over your grave. The poor, whom you have befriended, will often recall your form and your voice, and, with hearts too full for words, think of your goodness to them; and, although no stone may mark your resting-place, in a book whose letters are stars and whose pages are heaven, shall the record of your good deeds be given. There, too, shall be your reward. It is love that we so much need above every other qualification as ranchers, officers, ministers, missionaries, Salvationists, and Christian Endeavorers to save the world. Love is the one supreme qualification for all Christian toilers. Without this we can do nothing. Another

word and I close this lesson. If the voice of conscience pleading within you prompts you to be more kind of heart, generous, loving, and affectionate, then I have not spoken in vain; and if some sleeping virtue is awakened, or some drowsy energy aroused, if the picture so feebly painted has found a little sunlight corner in the gallery of your heart, then your time has not been wasted, and my purpose has been accomplished. Catherine Booth was pre-eminently the apostle of love. She imbibed much of the Spirit of Christ, which counted more than all other excellences she possessed in contributing to her wonderful career of usefulness, and the more we imbibed the Spirit of Christ the more happy and more useful we shall be.

LESSON III.

Bad Literature Denounced.

III.—THE THIRD LESSON that we learn from the life of this much distinguished woman is, we should not waste our time, nor corrupt our hearts, nor poison our souls, nor dwarf our minds, nor sin against God by reading books and literature that have been written by impure men and women, and sent forth from the devil's printing presses, to poison and corrupt and destroy the moral life and character of our young people, and thus ruin the young men and women of this and every other land. For novels and works of fiction in particular Mrs. Booth had an intense hatred. To read them seemed to her to be contrary to the profession of Christianity and

fraught with evil consequences. "I have every reason to be glad," she tells us at the end of her long career of usefulness, "that I never read a single novel in my younger days," and she can, and has, novels of every kind from her children. Many of the troubles, she said, which afflict and divide families have their origin in works of fiction. Not only are false and unnatural views of men and women and life in general aroused, but sentiments are created in the minds of the young people, which produce a discontent with their surroundings, impatience of parental restraint, and premature forcing of the social instincts, and creating impure desires such as must cause untold harm. Not only so, but they lead to the formation of relationships and companionships that cannot be but injurious, while the mind is filled with pernicious and vain ambitions destined never to be fulfilled. It is the duty of woman to defend the purity of literature, and Mrs. Booth did this in the pulpit, on the platform, in the home, in her conversation, by her pen, and through the press. She denounced bad books and impure literature in the strongest possible language, and commended the reading of the very best books. It is true that it is women that write the nastiest novels to-day, and it is true that it is women who read the nastiest novels that are in circulation. It is an awful accusation, and yet there are signs of its truth. In our public libraries there are books, printed, and tens of thousands of our young people are polluting their minds, and poisoning their morals, and enfeebling their intellects, and sapping their spiritual life, and lessening their usefulness, and destroying souls by reading fiction and filthy literature. On enquiry at one of our public libraries the other day an eminent clergyman was informed that some of the nastiest and most evil suggestive novels are asked for by—well, I do not like to use the word, but I suppose I must—ladies.

(To be continued.)

→SACRIFICE FORGOTTEN←

By ENSIGN PERRY.

How many a record of heroic deeds and loving sacrifice have yet remained unpeopled and of which the world has not been acquainted. Deeds that only the inhabitants of heaven know of, and though not written on the pages of earth's history, are recorded in the skies.

There are varied circles within which people live. Some are only known to their own families and a few acquaintances. Others are known in the town and county only in which they live, while some who live in what people would term a broader sphere of usefulness are known to the world. Heroes live in the latter before the world's gaze as very few other agencies do.

The world is ever ready to applaud an heroic deed when it becomes public. The papers, public comments of eulogy, and, for a time at least, a hero or heroine's name is upon every tongue. There are those who have thus reached the larger circles of fame, and are carried by the pinpoints of a sympathizing and flattering world to the highest pinnacle of honor in the ranks of heroes. There are other heroes who are recognized as such by their families and acquaintances, but whose deeds have not been chronicled or made public; even the memory of them is held sacred by loved ones. They exemplified, as their friends rightly believe, the true character of a hero, if not receiving a hero's honor.

Then there are martyrs who have laid down their lives for some cause dearer than life itself, and whose record of such deaths has been, and always will be, an inspiration to the world. Men and women, youths and maidens who have closed their eyes to scenes of life amid the jeers of a blood-thirsty multitude. Others who have laid farewell to the world with few about them. Perhaps no one sent to take down the last message, speak a word of solace, or administer any relief, yet they have said "Amen" to the will of God, and passed on to receive a martyr's reward.

Again, there are those who, though not looked upon by the world in the

strict sense as martyrs, heroes, or heroines, yet who have, in the fulfilment of some act of love or self-denial, been called upon to lay down their lives. Such acts have been recognized as heroic, and the reward cannot be forgotten. Such deeds, when brought to light on earth, must touch the sympathetic chords of the human heart.

Among the names of those who have thus suffered, though not strictly classed by the world as heroes and martyrs, stands out with its due prominence the name of Mrs. Rammage, Assiniboia, N. W. T.

The Salvation Army had been announced to open fire upon Moosemound, and Mrs. Rammage, then living twenty miles from this place, had been a soldier in Montreal at the time of the S. A. riots there, felt she would like to come in and welcome the officers who were to attack the town. Her home in Montreal had been a shelter to the officers in the past, and now, if she could not take these officers to her home, she could at least take them to her heart, and thus drive the twenty miles to show them this. They did not arrive the day she expected, so she stayed with a friend for several days awaiting them. Through some cause not known to the writer, the officers did not arrive, and Mrs. Rammage, feeling that home duties demanded her return, started back. She expressed while in town her anxiety for the souls of the people and very much in her heart. She had helped in the first attack of the Army against sin. However, this could not be. She decided to take the homeward journey that winter's day with a neighbor in a wagon, and did not believe much snow. It was during when they left, but quite mild. In the afternoon, however, it turned out to be cold, and to add to this discomfort they lost their way on the prairie. They were now in a bad dilemma. Only those who have been similarly circumstanced can really understand how they felt. After driving until they realized it was useless, their horses also being tired, they were unhitched. Then both Mrs. Rammage

and the neighbor thought they would walk. They did so until the poor woman could go no further. She begged the man to go on and leave her, which, after some persuasion, he did, hoping he might come to a habitation soon. After wandering for seven days he reached a house, much to his joy. Poor man! He was very badly frozen and had to lose his feet and nose. Truly his suffering would call forth the sympathy of the heart.

What about Mrs. Rammage? Poor woman! She had perished in the cold! In that desolate region, with no human friend near to render aid, her spirit took its flight, while her body lay frozen on the ground. Was it not a sight that would call forth an angel's pity? The writer does not know the last words she spoke to the man before he left her, nor does anyone on earth know her last thoughts. Probably they were upon loved ones at home, for she had left a husband and children there, and also upon God in heaven. Yes, a multitude of thoughts might have passed through her mind before the stupor of freezing possessed her. She knew, however, that death, though under such sad circumstances, only meant to her spiritual transit to a land of highest bliss, where hunger and cold never come and where death is not known. It was about three weeks before her body was found, and then some forty miles from Moosemound, their starting place.

She had requested her husband sometime before that when she died to have her buried by the Army. This request was complied with, and her body laid to rest while the memory of her noble death will ever live with her loved ones. They could not know that act of love that cost her her life. Many there are who know her not on earth, but who are anxious to grasp her hand in the better world.

There are people, however, who have heard and read of others being called to suffer through similar expressions of love, and though at the time their hearts are touched, yet they soon forget such incidents. "Why is it? Often because not knowing personally the one called to suffer, they do not retain the record of that suffering in their memory. They simply express their sympathy, and pass on life's way. Oh, how quick the human is to forget deeds that are actuated by the Divine!

Reader, will you allow this record of a Christian woman's sad death to remind you of another scene?

Will you allow your mind to go back to the scene of that sacrificial death on Calvary's height—the death of none other than the Son of God? The Bible speaks of people who forget God, and, oh, how many people forget the death of His Son! Perhaps it has been the case with you. In the mad rush for the things of the world you have forgotten what it cost Jesus Christ to purchase salvation and freedom for every class of sin. You have forgotten the love that prompted the sacrifice, the agony endured, and the blessing brought to the world by it. Will you not close your eyes to the things of time and worldliness for a while, and look at that crucifix and suppose self-denial. That expression of unmeasured love, that death, meant so much sacrifice. Allow it to call forth your love and service in return. Remember that Christianity cannot be embraced without self-denial and cross-bearing. Jesus says, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." Matt. xvi. 24. The sacrifice of Calvary, completed as it was through suffering, opened up to man a way to God. Will you deny yourself that others may benefit by that sacrifice? If so, there will be continually opening unto you avenues of usefulness, of which possibly you have never dreamed. Don't forget that true sacrifice often involves suffering of a keen nature, but we have the assurance "If we suffer, we shall also relax with Him." II. Tim. ii. 12. Let us this Self-Denial Week keep before us a view of Calvary that we may be inspired to greater and more practical service. To forget Calvary's sacrifice means to lose that inspiration, yes, to lose sight of our only hope, for only through the remembrance of Christ's death and the imitation of His life, do we become heirs of the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcome and am now seated with My Father in His throne." Rev. iii. 21. Again, reader, remember, to forget Calvary's love means to perish, to embrace it means a life of power and usefulness.

Weekly Watchword: "Thou Remainest."

"Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
From the spectral mists and driving
clouds,
From the shifting shadows and phan-
tom crowds,
From unreal words and unreal lives,
Where truth and falsehood feebly
strives,
From the passings away, the chance
and change,
Flickering, vanishing, swift and
strange,
I turn to thy glorious rest on Thee,
Who art the grand Reality."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

In the Age of Ignorance.—Job xxxvi.
22.

There is no teacher like our Heavenly
Father. He knows the capacity of
every pupil, their natural hindrances
and stupidities. He has infinite pa-
tience with each, and while He re-
joices to see a quick acceptance of His
truth, is willing to repeat the same
lesson many times over that it may be
grasped by the knowledge of the heart.
There are no perforce ignorant people
in the Christian world when God
has made such ample means for the
enlightenment of their spiritual under-
standing.

MONDAY.

In the Time of Danger.—Isa. li. 16.

Fear in danger is, after all, though
natural to the human heart, very un-
necessary in one who professes to have
allied himself to the greatest power
in Heaven and earth. God's protection
is round and about His people in all
spiritual and temporal peril—only
when they needlessly run into danger
or temptation do they take themselves
from beneath it. There are no per-
force defenceless people in the
Christian world when God has put all
the armies of righteousness at their
disposal.

TUESDAY.

In the Hour of Difficulty.—Ps. xxxi.
18.

Perplexing questions are constantly
occurring in the life of every man.
Conflicting ways are continually caus-
ing questions in their minds. But the
man who trusts his all to the will
of Providence there is a light upon
every difficulty, a guidance for every
perplexity. He who sees the end from
the beginning, and has such tender
consideration for our welfare, will not
leave us without the right instinct to
choose. There are no perforce puzzle-
d people in the Christian world,
when God has given His Holy Spirit
to illumine their perplexity.

WEDNESDAY.

In the Day of Sorrow.—Is. xlii. 2.

This world is full of grief—its shad-
ows fall upon just and unjust, no age
or circumstance is exempt from them.
But the righteous have a store of in-
finite consolation in the compassion of
Calvary's Jesus, Who has promised
that through the stormiest waters of
affliction and sorrow He will be His
children's sufficiency. There are no
perforce comfortless people in the
Christian world, when God has as-
sured such consolation.

THURSDAY.

In the Event of Persecution.—Deut.
xxiii. 5.

Persecution in some form or other
is the inevitable lot of consistent faith.
But there are countless instances to
prove that God will never allow the
blame of the world to damage the in-
fluence or discredit the soul of the
faithful. Many a curse which the
world has hurled at some saint's in-
tegrity has been the blow which de-
clared its genuine goodness and
grace. There are no perforce-
ly crushed spirits in the King-
dom of God, for has not He promised
to make the very persecutions of His
people the pavement of perpetual in-
fluence?

FRIDAY.

In the Moment of Death.—I. Cor. xv.
55-57.

No two lives are alike. In their dif-
ferences there are circumstances in
which some men have opportunity to
prove Christ's all-sufficient aid which

may never come to others. But in one
hour alike all want to prove the sweets
of His sustaining grace, and that is the
hour of death. There need be no
shrinkings nor slinkings at the crossing
of life's Jordan, when Christ, Who
waded Himself its coldest depths, has
promised to take away its sting and
foretell its victory.

SATURDAY.

When All Time is Past.—Matt. xxv.
21.

How many are the gifts and sweets
of this life which are only spoils by
the thought that they are transient.
But over the pure bliss of the know-
ledge of God there is no such shadow.
The passing of earth's day cannot
dim its radiance or detract from its
joys. The sufficiency of God which we
have proved on earth, the unchange-
ableness of His love and power which
has been our rock, our strength, our
comfort here, will be but fully known
when we stand in the eternal sunshine
of His children's heavenly home.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON.

THE UNBELIEVING DISCIPLES.

JOHN xx. 24-31.

One aspect of God's Word is like a
wonderful mirror in which are reflect-
ed every type of virtue or vice which
characterizes the human heart. This
provision is the means of rich instruc-
tion to man in that most profitable of
all studies, viz., the knowledge of
himself, for the soul always gets the
best view of its own possibilities or
deficiencies when it looks upon them
as manifested in somebody else.

Such a gallery of human nature
would have been incomplete without
the doubter seeing that there are so
many perfections of his memory in
the heart of the world to-day.
Thomas was one of the twelve. The
small, but sincere, body-guard of dis-
ciples which surrounded our Saviour
while upon earth was not without a
reminder of the spirit of unbelief, and
the same has crept into every commu-
nity since that day.

Thomas was an honest man, which is
a great deal more than can be said for
many designated by the name

doubter. Too many people's sceptic-
ism is based on the quibbles of other
minds, they take the shade of their
religious opinions from the color of
stronger mind's thoughts—if the latter
lead up, they are full of faith, if they
lead down, they are soon hording on
despair. Such people are not sincerely
puzzled in their own hearts, and un-
til they take the trouble to convince
their own minds as to what they do
or do not believe, God will not assist
the removal of a veil they have drawn
over their own eyes. But it was not
so with Thomas. His doubts were all
his own, and caused him too much
grief to be of his wilful cherishing.
He loved his Master as much as any of
his fellows, but the chain of an incred-
ulous and perhaps somewhat gloomy
disposition, held him captive. When
told of the Resurrection, his weak
faith staggered at so great a wonder.
He could not believe, and although we
cannot but deplore the blindness which
caused Thomas to disbelieve the Sav-
iour's risen life, yet we must respect
the honesty which refused to profess
a faith which he did not own.

Christ came to his aid, as Christ al-
ways does to the man who with his
whole heart longs to burst the fetters
which his constrained mind has forged.
The very proof that Thomas had asked
for, the evidence of the suffering
death upon the revived body of his
Lord were vouchsafed to him. Could
God have condescended more to sat-
isfy the bound soul of His doubting
follower, or more conclusively
prove to His later disciples
how willing and ready He is to
assist struggling faith. A man who
sincerely wishes to find the light will
not be yet long to grope in the dark.

The result was a beautiful and
natural one. How could Thomas
stand out against such undeniable
evidence? His whole soul rose in sup-
port of the Saviour's sign, and out of
the mouth of hideous doubt the first
accents of returning faith gave forth
one of the most gorgeous declarations
of the trust and worship yet uttered,
when the disciple said, "My Lord and
my God." Oh, doubting heart, give to
the winds thy fears. Let the love of
Calvary convince thy halting creden-
tial, and by the utterance of thy too
long doubt-imprisoned tongue, shall
come avowals of God's power and
presence which shall persuade the
hearts of others once held by the same
thrallion.



"PEACE BE UNTO YOU."

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in their midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you."—John xx. 19.

neighbor thought they would
y did so until the poor
d go on further. She beg-
to go on and leave her,
some persuasion, he di-
might come to a habitation
wandering for seven days
a house, much to his joy.
He was very badly frozen
lose his feet and nose,
suffering would call forth
y of the heart.

It was Mrs. Rammage? Poor
it had perished in the cold!
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to render aid, her spirit
right, while her body lay
the ground. Was it not a
could call forth an angel's
synter does not know the
he spoke to the man be-
her, nor does anyone on
her last thoughts. Each-
ere upon loved ones at
had left a husband and
e, and also upon God un-
e, a multitude of thoughts
passed through her mind
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known. It was about
before her body was
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He started her husband som-
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W your mind to go back
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Son of God? The Bible
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people forget the death
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In the mad rush for
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world by it. Will you
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xpression of unmeasur-
leath, meant so much
v it to call forth your
in return. Remember
y cannot be embraced
hal and cross bearing.
any man will come
him deny himself and
ous and follow Me."

The sacrifice of Cal-
i as it was through
i up to man a way to
i deny yourself that
elt by that sacrifice?
I be continually open-
ness of usefulness, of
ou have never dream-
at that true sacrifice
ffering of a keen na-
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e. 12. Let us this
h keep before us a
that we may be in-
r and more practical
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nt inspiration, you, to
only how few only
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tation of His life, do
of the promise, "In
noth will I grant to
fy throne, even as I
d sin set down with
throne." Rev. iii. 21
remember, to forget
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i life of power and



The Enthusiastic East.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Field Commissioner has recently visited St. John, and other cities of the Eastern Province, the lively interest which that portion of the Territory has taken on these occasions has not only been fully sustained, but even increased, as shown by the reports of Major Pickering. From it we learn that every building in which Miss Booth spoke was simply gorged with eager crowds and uncounted numbers were turned away. Halifax, St. John, Fredericton and Woodstock were visited, and the spiritual results, as far as definite, visible action can be counted, totals to 150 souls, which sought and professed to have found salvation or purity. The financing of a series of huge meetings always presents a problem of some anxiety to the Provincial Officer in the case, but the Commissioner's meetings generally encounter no difficulty in making ends meet. So on this recent tour the total collections amounted to between four and five hundred dollars. Major Pickering and his staff worked like Trojans to make the tour the unquestionable success it has proved.

The General's Campaign.

Our grand old General keeps every body in a state of astonishment and admiration. He is forever on the hunt for souls and occupied with the improving of his troops. His recent tours in England and Scotland were red-hot battles with exceedingly great visible results, not to speak of the unknown effects which are beyond estimation. Our venerable leader is indeed a General that lends by practical example, and like the British officers in the present war, refuses to take cover and spare himself.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs Visit Newmarket.

The energetic Chief Secretary and his life-companion paid Newmarket a visit and conducted special meetings there on Saturday and Sunday.

According to word received from a friend present at these meetings, the Colonel, who is well known as an adept at S. A. meetings, was ended with spiritual power and created a decided impression upon his hearers.

Deep conviction was a feature of every meeting, and, although only one soul acted in accordance with the dictates of his conscience by publicly kneeling at the Army's penitent form, yet the decided influence which those meetings produced will be felt in future conversions.

Newmarket cordially invites the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs to soon come again.

The Territorial Secretary at Rossland, B.C.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts and Staff-Capt. Gage were here on 4th and 5th Nov., and we had a most blessed time. Unfortunately, Saturday was wet, and at night very disagreeable, so our crowds were below our expectation; but the Colonel gave a racy address, brimful of humor and point, inspiring to the soldiers and Christians present, and we feel confident that many others were impressed.

7 a.m. Sunday morning saw the large

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO HALIFAX.

By MAJOR PICKERING.

THE news of the Commissioner's visit to Halifax aroused great enthusiasm and interest in the city. The soldiers shouted with joy, the stores displayed the photo cards and bills announcing it, the street was swung along hearing the tidings, the press heralded it, all anxious say, "Welcome, beloved Commissioner."



ADJT. McLEAN,
Officer in Charge of
Halifax
District and
Corps.

The Commissioner arrived at the I. C. R. Depot 10:30 Saturday night, and was met by the shouts of welcome of a number of officers and soldiers assembled. My impressions of the whole thing were varied.

First, the Crowds.

"Twice gorged" only poorly describes the building; people were packed in every conceivable nook and corner, aisles, stairs, and window sills were blocked, and they were sitting upon the rails of the galleries, while hundreds were turned away from the doors disappointed. One prominent Colonel in Her Majesty's forces, who attended his first S. A. meeting on this afternoon, had to stand all the time, hurried home to dinner expecting to be back early to secure a seat, but, on his return, he found at that early hour the huge building was crowded, and he had to stand again. The old Janitor said that the Sunday night crowd especially was the biggest ever known to be in the Academy.

Fine Building

The Academy of Music, used for the Commissioner's meetings, is the largest building in the city, and it is supposed to seat 1,200 people, but nearly 2,000 describes its condition. The scenery was simply grand, and had we re-

quested the managers to get some scenery does especially for our meetings it could not have more accurately and faithfully represented the various phases of the Commissioner's address.

The building is lighted throughout with electricity, and when the lights were turned on at night and the Commissioner stepped upon the platform, it required no stretch of imagination to realize we were walking in the grandest and most lovely scenery of the oriental countries.

What a mixture of all kinds and classes were present—ministers representing nearly every church in the city, officers of Her Majesty's naval and military forces, doctors, merchants, store-keepers, sailors and soldiers, the fashionable lady, the hard-working charwoman, the poor unfortunate all mingling together, standing or sitting, but all craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the slim striking figure that poured forth like lava streams the burning truths upon the hearts and consciences of her hearers. How they listened! Except two mothers with irritable babies, none moved out of that vast assemblage until the close of the address.

Representative Audience.

Masterful Address.

An appeal for consecration was responded to by scores of tearful, longing souls.

The night meeting beggars attempts at description. Our beloved leader, although feeling weary, returned to the conflict with renewed vigor. The tightly-wedged mass in the Academy sat or stood breathless for ninety minutes, as the Commissioner talked on "Love's Sunset."

Hearts are cut to the quick and sudden consciences write conviction on unnumbered countenances.

A deep gloom sets over this awful scene. Is there none to help? Must humanity's race groan for ever under the curse of "Love's depredation?" No! Ten thousand times, No! The compassionate heart of nature's God provides a ransom, the rising rays of Calvary's Cross, the Crimson River, the pitying Christ, the Resurrection Morn proclaim "Love's Restoration."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Rises sweetly on the air as the Commissioner closes. Tears are flowing fast and as we sing that beautiful song, "Just as I am," sinners make their way to the Cross.

Results.—Thirteen sought mercy, and at 11 p.m. closed the most marvellous meeting ever held in Halifax.

music from the children, and also Headquarters' String Band. Captain Arnold gave one of his choice violin solos. Staff-Capt. Stanyon read the Scripture, and the Brigadier appealed to the people.

In the evening the building was filled again. Some seats had to be taken from the platform to accommodate the people. Some earnest entreaties and songs of invitation and appeal to the sinners were given by a number of officers, but no one surrendered.

The same comrades cheerfully gave us a musical treat on Monday evening. The Robinson family were reinforced by their baby daughter, who is about two years old, and is a marvel in correctness of time on the big drum, and brought down the house again and again. Altogether, everybody had a most enjoyable and profitable time, and would be delighted to have a recitation of these meetings.

Drinking hailes us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. It outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot, and the legislator.—The Times.



MAJOR PICKERING,
Provincial Officer, Eastern Province.

The Brigadier Gaskin, Some H. Q. Officers and the Ibbotson Family at Dovercourt.

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 12th and 13th, must have been looked forward to with much expectation by the people of Dovercourt, if we are to judge by the numbers who turned out to these meetings.

The specials were only announced for the Sunday afternoon and night, but much to the pleasure of the comrades and friends, Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Manton surprised us in the morning. Staff-Capt. Manton knows how to put his heart in his songs.

Everybody desired to have more of the character of Stephen, after Major Turner's talk on this first Christian martyr.

In the afternoon the Ibbotson Family were a great attraction in the open air. In spite of the piercing cold wind, the little ones played several pieces beautifully.

At the inside meeting we had not seen the barracks so well filled for a long time. Everybody enjoyed the

music from the children, and also Headquarters' String Band. Captain Arnold gave one of his choice violin solos. Staff-Capt. Stanyon read the Scripture, and the Brigadier appealed to the people.

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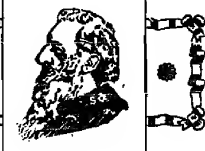
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My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL



Friday, October 20th.

Morley, a town of twenty-one thousand people, ten miles from Leeds, comes next. This is rather a stiff week. "On, on, and still on" the motto with which I commenced the year, is still my rule. Thank God, my cold is better. It leaves me reluctantly, but hard work helps to throw it off—in the perspiration which follows night after night, if in nothing else. Nevertheless, this is not good weather for colds. Among other foes with whom we have to do battle each morning this week, and most of the evenings as well, have been the fog.

MORLEY.

Returning to Morley, I would like to remark that I first became interested in this town through the instrumentalty of a godly man whom I met in London about fifty years ago. He was a native of Morley, and had come to the great city on a business adventure. I spent many an hour with him singing and praying, and talking over the affairs of the Kingdom of God. Among other things by which he has been remembered in the song, the words and tune of which he taught me:—

"How tasteless and tedious the hours."

I have sung that song in many a thousand hours of sadness and gladness since that day, and from my lips it has gone all round the world. The music and words will be found on the last page of the War Cry.

However, I have never been in Morley before, and although not the most favorable day of the week, nor the most congenial weather—a dense fog darkening the town and country round about—we had the beautiful Town Hall, just erected at a cost of £33,000, nearly full in the afternoon, and packed out with hundreds turned away, at night. The crowd gave me the heartiest welcome. I tried to deal faithfully with them in return, and, best of all, forty-one knelt at my Master's feet.

BRADFORD.

Saturday, 21st.

Although most comfortably billeted, I must away. Here, indeed, I have no abiding city. This time it is Bradford once more.

As at Sheffield and elsewhere, wherever there have been opportunities on this campaign, I have preceded the public meeting with a private one for the Local Officers. Although the time allowed for these gatherings has been brief, they have been useful, giving me at least the chance of telling the Local Officer how highly I esteem his position and work, and how much I am relying on his co-operation in the immediate battle of the night and in the fight of the future.

The Junior barracks was simply gorged with Locals, many squeezing themselves in for a hearing near the doors and windows. Unfortunately, the intensity of the rain cut my "turn" down still further, but I was able to give expression to some of my heart's feelings, and my sympathetic hearers looked and shouted back their responses of love and loyalty.

The scene which met me on my entrance baffles description, and so I won't attempt it: I will only remark that it impressed me very deeply, and the chief thought, or feeling, or whatever it may be called, that entered my soul was: "WHAT WOULD NOT THESE FIFTY FIVE THOUSAND ABLE-BODIED MEN AND WOMEN ACCOMPLISH FOR JESUS CHRIST AND THE CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S SHIRE, IF THEY WERE ALL DOING THEIR DUTY AS GOOD SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY?"

I confess to being a little jealous of the dancer existing in these parts, of some of my dear soldiers being led away into a kind of religion which, while making them delightfully contented with themselves and things around them, leaves them without any great anxiety concerning the claims of

the Saviour and the needs of a perishing world.

Well, on this Saturday night we began at a high level of happiness, passed on to plain dealing, and finished up solemn enough with SEVENTY-SIX AT THE PENITENT FORM—many of these backsliders, some of long standing.

Sunday, 22nd.

Although one of considerable conflict, this has been a blessed day. But conflict can be said to be the characteristic of all my blessed days. I always have to fight, and to fight desperately, too, for all I win, either for my Master, for myself, or for others. I know little in my experience of going on to victory on the "Promenade March principle." The triumphs I have been able to achieve—and gratitude compels me to acknowledge that they have been both many and great—have had to be fought for, and that every inch of the way.

The Battle of Bradford, fought on the day in question, was no exception to this rule.

St. George's Hall is, I fancy, the largest hall that is at all adapted for public speaking in the kingdom, with the exception of Albert Hall, London, and, perhaps, the St. James's Hall, Manchester. Anyway it was an imposing sight on Sunday afternoon and evening. The fog was one of the usual cutties of the day. There was no keeping it out of the building, and it made speaking awkward; still, I fought my way through.

That a powerful impression was made upon the crowd is proved by 135 presenting themselves at the Mercy Sent—110 being outsiders, who promised

ed at once to become Soldiers of the Army.

GOOD TIDINGS.

My heart has been greatly cheered by the news that the success of last week's meetings are proving their reality. Here is a letter to hand from Major Baugh, Sheffield:

"October 20th, 1900.

"My Dear General,—Just a line to say that the tide is still coming in at Sheffield. The converts are attending the meetings and testifying. Thirteen of Sunday's cases were on the platform last night. Five more good cases came out for salvation, most of them being volunteers. An envoy from the Stun Corps told us how she got helped in her own soul during your meetings at Sheffield, and that they were having glorious times at their barracks, and have had eight souls since Sunday.

"In writing out the names of the converts, and getting them into the hands of the officers, we find that eighteen corps have a share in the cases of Saturday and Sunday, and also two places where there are no corps near."

SHEPHEY.

Monday, 23rd.

We had not far to journey this time Shepley being almost a part of Bradford. The meetings, however, were held in Saltate, a little further away still. But it is all Bradford, and will be known as such, I fancy, before very long.

The hall held about 1,400 people, and was nearly full in the afternoon, and packed out at night.

I was very much at home with my congregation in the afternoon. At night things did not seem as buoyant, at least, my share of the work did not. Still, a grand impression was doubtless made; indeed, it was proved by the forty who sought mercy. God bless Shepley!

Tuesday, 24th.

I found London very much excited on my return by the news from Africa, and agitating enough the intelligence is. Both sides seem sorely determined.

MISS BOOTH IN ST. JOHN.

"NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!"

(BY WIRE)

St. John's meetings of the Field Commissioner were a sweeping success. The Mechanics' Hall was gorged. The street in front of it was blocked. We were compelled to lock doors at six o'clock. Miss Booth's address was a marvel of eloquence. The Romance of Three Worlds Rocked by Spirits was pictured as a terrific sight. Eleven souls knelt at penitent form at conclusion.

MAJOR PICKERING.

LATER.

Glorious meetings at City Hall, Fredericton, last night. Building gorged. Commissioner's address, "Miss Booth in rags," listened to with breathless attention for hours. Everybody was delighted. Congregation consisted of Judges, Members of Parliament, Clergy, Councillors, and representatives of all classes. Hallelujah!

MAJOR PICKERING.

LAST DESPATCH.

The Commissioner, on her first visit to Woodstock, was met at the station by the Mayor, Clergy, Editors of newspapers, Band and Corps. Terrific snow-storm Sunday. Magnificent crowds at meetings in spite of it. Speech of welcome tendered by Mayor; all leading citizens were present. Commissioner's addresses were listened to with rapt attention. Mighty conviction. Six souls.

MAJOR PICKERING.

ed to hold their own and conquer at all costs. The bravery displayed by both British and Boers commands admiration on all hands, but what I am anxiously looking out for all the time is some information that seems to indicate a speedy conclusion of the dreadful business. Will every officer, soldier and friend pray without ceasing for this result?

22,000 Acres of Land for Social Work Secured in Western Australia.

Commandant H. Booth has secured a tract of country in Western Australia, in the Collie District, which has in it great possibilities for enterprise for Social Work in the Australian Colonies, and possibly for the third section of the General's Darkest England Scheme—the Over-Sen Colony; although the size of the estate is much too small to serve the purpose of such a scheme.

The estate will be over 22,000 acres in extent. It is described as being well situated, a good proportion of the area suitable for agricultural purposes, while the balance is excellent for sheep runs. There is also a river frontage of twenty-four miles. The West Australian Government will grant some essential concessions in connection with the estate, which will enable us to work it on advantageous terms.

The Commandant has recently spent seven days in inspecting the estate, and has compassed it from boundary to boundary. He has settled on the locality for the homestead and arranged its erection, and also for the fencing-in of the property. Dairy sheds, pigsties, wool sheds, and a small saw mill are to be erected at once, and a considerable sum spent in live stock.

Financial Secretary's Notes

Ensign Burrows writes that he has had good times at Owen Sound and Meaford; at the former place they had three for salvation, and at Meaford seven, one of these in the open air at the drum-head. He also states that the new large box is proving a great success, and will help up the G. B. M. total grandly. He says his new lantern service, "Poor Mike," is taking line.

—[]—

Ensign Ottaway has visited Rat Portage recently and reports good meetings with two souls. At Port Arthur a gentleman gave \$2 in the O. A. collection and another dollar at the inside meeting; they had one soul at the meeting seeking salvation.

—[]—

Ensign Parker says they are all right. Who? Why, Brother and Sister Stone. They have been at Lakeside, yet these two comrades have sent in \$5.03 for their last collection. Why cannot this be done in many other places where we have no corps? There are many soldiers throughout the country in similar circumstances.

—[]—

The same gent says while walking down the street he met two middle-aged gentlemen coming towards him. One exclaimed, "There is Salvation!" The Ensign asked him if he had obtained it, and thus had a good opportunity of dealing with them about their souls. He says, "So much for the S. A. uniform."

—[]—

Ensign Andrews writes that in several places in the East there is already this quarter a marked improvement in the G. B. M. He mentions a few places: last quarter Woodstock, N.B., did \$1.76, this quarter he has \$6.34; Chatham did last quarter \$2.69, he has from this place now \$11.16. These are good increases, and if the whole Province did accordingly he would lead the list again. Anyway, he is worth watching.

—[]—

We have several new Agents this week to report, amongst them being Lily Quist and Lizzy Hamel, of Grifton, in the N.W.P., Cassie Buskison, Orangeville, and Wm. Glover, Owen Sound, in the O. C. P., and Mrs. Hallist and Mrs. Pike, of Houlton, in the East. May they all do exploits.—T. O. H.

Our South African Contingent.

ENSGION MURRAY.

the officer in charge of our Expedition to South Africa, can claim the soldier's spirit as her birthright.

Her father, General Murray, of the Indian Staff Corps, rendered his country valuable service, and distinguished himself by raising a regiment in the height of the Indian Mutiny—a regiment known to this day as Murray's Jat Horse.

His daughter, Mary, first opened her eyes in India, was brought to England as a little child, and received her education at Brussels and Boulogne.

School days concluded with the Church of England confirmation service, which Mary took part in with a little serious thought as most girls of her age display for that occasion. The event, however, marked an epoch in her history, for she returned to her parents and threw herself, heart and soul, into the gaieties society-life in India affords.

Her first glimpse of the Salvation Army came through Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker obtaining permission from General Murray to hold a meeting among the soldiers in India. Mrs. Murray was present, though not impressed, dismissing the scene from her thoughts with the conclusion that Mrs. "Tucker was a very good woman. Yet, in spite of having abandoned religious principles, and denying the personality of Jesus Christ, there were times when her heart yearned for a higher sphere of life, which, vaguely seeking to obtain, led her to read all manner of books for and against religion.

The family returned to England and settled in Norwood, and in due course the Army held a Field Day at the Crystal Palace. Miss Murray was a season-ticket holder, and it occurred to her to spend the day there and have a look at these peculiar people. She arrived in time to see the march-past at 10 a.m., and came away conscious of having heard convicts and other sinners declare that God had saved them from drunkenness.

The local open-air meetings were held nearly opposite her house, and one day a Salvationist, who, on occasions, had been employed by the Murray's, testified that God had saved him from drunkenness.

Miss Murray was then reading an unbellying book with a desire to prove to herself a theory against the Divinity of our Saviour.

"The night the book was finished she put it aside, feeling the author had utterly failed to prove his argument. Being due at a friend's house shortly afterwards, she passed the open-air. The Cantors were singing, "The Saviour is calling, calling for thee." Miss Murray passed on, the thought revolving in her brain, "if these people are right, and my theory wrong, what a terrible thing it will be to have refused such a call—a call backed up by living witnesses of a living God Who can satisfy the heart."

The climax came some nights after, when, after a wet open-air, the soldiers marched off, and Miss Murray was left alone. The scene of the separation was terrible; she felt she was "out of it."

In this moment of extreme need she lifted her heart with the prayer, "O God, if You are God, do for me what You have done for these people."

A moment later she was conscious that a definite power for good had come into her life.

She had indeed found Christ!

It is not surprising to hear that conversion greeted the new convert's announcement at home that she was saved, and would have to be a Salvationist and work as they worked; and only natural that family love should strive to prevent a daughter associating herself with a body of people public opinion stigmatized as vile.

One evening, while at dinner, Miss Murray felt as though his hands took hold of her arms, and a voice told her to go to the barracks and speak.

She hastily rose and obeyed. A woman-soldier was testifying. Miss Murray sat down relieved; the compulsion to speak had left her. As soon, however, as the ladies had finished, the conviction returned, and Miss Murray at once stood to her feet and told how God had saved her.

Nine months afterwards she was in the Rescue Training Home as a Cadet. For the months spent in the Training Home Miss Murray has felt very thankful. There she learnt to cook and clean, as well as to deal face to face

with the hard and wicked, and to lean upon God in the hour of difficulty, and never to say die.

Her first appointment was to the Receiving Home, where she remained eight months. Hence then compelled her to return home for one year. Her friends regarded this as an indication of God's will for her to terminate her connection with the Army.

On recovery, Capt. Murray was appointed to the Pleasantry Home, and worked there three years, the memory of which time she will ever cherish as especially blessed, in spite of the difficulties connected with it.

From Rescue Work she was transferred to the International Headquarters to assist in Editorial work, and was afterwards promoted English and appointed to the Naval and Military Work, under Major Margaret Allen.

While there she took charge of Aldershot Home, where a variety of work fell to her share, including cooking, scrubbing, waiting behind the bar, conducting meetings, and looking after the Lancers.

Six weeks later he started for the Old Country, and, sad to say, backslid on the voyage home.

The following year he spent on the Continent, visiting Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, and very nearly lost his life descending the Joeg-Frau in Switzerland.

Meanwhile Marmaduke had no fixed purpose in life. Occasionally he thought of entering the Queen's army, and at other times of the medical profession.

Commissioner Roes was at that time holding meetings one Sunday at Mary-lebone.

Marmaduke was present morning, afternoon and night. God definitely called him; but it was closing-time when he ventured to the pentent form, and God graciously saved him at the eleventh hour of the day.

His application for officership shortly afterwards led to his being accepted as a Cadet, and, after passing through the Training Home, he was promoted Lieutenant and appointed to Market Harborough, and afterwards to Stony Stratford.

At a later date he was sent to take charge of Weedon. In Northamptonshire. Here there were no Salvation soldiers, so Lieut. Ashman opened the

His call for officership came through reading the General's "Reflections," in the War Cry, telling how a gentleman had appealed to him to open up the Army in Uganda, which request could not be complied with owing to the severity of men.

William Warricker at once saw Ensign Jewell on the subject, and he suggested writing to the Candidates' Department. Matters made satisfactory progress, and last May Warricker became a Cadet, where, after a happy and useful course of training, he is saying good-bye, willing to go where God wants him, whether it be among the submerged in Blackfriars Shelter, or to share the honors of the South African Expedition.

MARGARET HAINES

was of the world, and loved with her whole heart the pleasures it afforded.

She was prepared to go to a ball, theatre, or dance every night in the week, and start again where she left off, with the same keen appetite for amusement.

That she was a professing Christian was as contrary to her liking as the duty it entailed of going to church occasionally.

While on a visit to Canterbury she was led to attend what proved to be an introductory visit of the Salvation Army.

Capt. Pickering was leading, and although she could not make anything out of the proceedings, she was sufficiently interested to attend every meeting, until the following Saturday night, when she went as a volunteer to the pentent-form.

That night Margaret Haines was born of God, and stood to her feet after the transaction a new woman indeed.

The news was received by her friends as a piece of tomfoolery, likely to last a month or two. Her salvation, however, so altered the conduct of things at home, that Margaret felt that the only course open to her was to go out into the world and earn her own living, an act, as she says, of desperate faith, which we commend to the faithful.

It was evening when she arrived at Portsmouth—a town entirely unknown to her—without friends of money, save a few shillings. God-given instinct led her to seek shelter for the night at the Young Women's Christian Association and the following day her wits were taxed to the utmost.

It occurred to her to make use of her education; she accordingly wrote to the schools where she had received instruction, and they forwarded the testimonials she needed.

Her next step was to procure a directory, obtain the addresses of influential people in the town, and write notes to them stating her capacity for teaching and recommendations. Having no money for stamps, she then trotted round dropping the letters into the letter-boxes of private houses.

After ten days' waiting a reply came from Admiral Rawson's family requesting her to call.

That afternoon she got her first appointment, undertaking the entire education of two children, and in this family she remained eight years, till she farewelled some months ago for the Training Home.

She had also other engagements, preparing boys for entering Wellington and the naval schools, besides teaching advanced English and Harmony.

The call to officership came two years ago, but Margaret Haines held back on account of friends.

One day, however, when she received the news that she was wanted for South Africa, she wired her two brothers, one in the Church of England, the other in the medical profession. The former replied, "No"; the latter, "You know best," a knowledge which Sister Haines feels belongs to God, to Whose hands she is.

The King of Pondoland, a country recently annexed to Cape Colony, has until recently been one of the most resolute opposers of Christianity in South Africa. The occasion of the king's change of mind was the conversion of his chief officer, who had been a great drunkard and polygamist. On returning to his home after his conversion, the officer, destroyed a large and varied collection of beer pots, and taking all his wives but one apart, he made provision for them and sent them back to their homes.



Adj't Murray.
Capt. Ashman.

Lieut. Warricker.

Lieut. Haines.

Her present appointment Adj't. Murray received with a surprise, feeling that there were others better fitted than herself for the post, yet, at the same time, thanking God for such a field of opportunities.

MARMADUKE HOWARD ASHMAN

is one of six children, whom his father (the Rev. J. Williams-Ashman), in conjunction with his wife, endeavored to bring up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Reports say that Marmaduke slept all day and screamed all night.

As a child, Marmaduke never showed any religious tendencies. One of the earliest recollections he remembers was the family migrating to America, and then on to Canada, and, after a few years, the journey back to England on account of his brother's education.

Three years this boy and a brother spent at Harrow, Marmaduke making fair progress with his books, in spite of a preference for athletics. This course of training was followed by a strong desire for roaming, and Marmaduke travelled through America, Canada and British Columbia. At Winnipeg he met the Salvation Army and got saved.

barracks as a reading-room for the Royal Artillerymen.

A number of hours were spent daily visiting these men, getting to know their needs, and praying with them. After three months' stay here he was promoted Captain and sent to take charge of Flook.

At the first presentation of war, Capt. Ashman wrote to Major Allen, of the Naval and Military, volunteering to go to South Africa; therefore, the news that he was wanted for the Cape was to him the fulfillment of a God-inspired idea.

LIEUT. WARRICKER'S

earliest recollections are of going to school, being fond of reading, and occasionally playing truant.

Leaving school he started work as carrier with Messrs. Pickford, working his way, step by step, from ransguard to partner, then night work, office work, and ultimately regular van-man.

Later on he was employed by Messrs. Carter, Patterson for six years, which he foretook for the fascinations of the sea. After several short voyages, he was about to embrace a life on the ocean wave, when he fell in with the Salvation Army and got saved at Penge corps.

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SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS

OR,
The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

Salvationism seems to thrive in the northern atmosphere. Despite the winds which seem to sweep down upon Skagway just now, from the White Pass, the winds of salvation are lifting the Army's standard in the heavenly breeze. This new opening still shows promising signs.—Several Rescue Home Matrons have been doing tours in aid of their work. Adjutants Jost and Jordan, in the East, and Adj. Langtry, in the West, report successful times.—Word from the Montreal French corps is welcome. Judging by the musical festival recently conducted there by Major Hargrave, which a number of French Catholics attended. Things are looking up on that hard won battle-ground.—Several of our band now a commissioned fact. Congratulations, Adj. Goodwin.—Several corps report a blaze of salvation. Tweed, St. Thomas, and other places seem in the midst of a revival. On the converts reported this week is a backslider of ten years' standing.—Many correspondents give sanguine assurances for Self-Defence totals. The field seems in fit shape for the campaign.—The total number at the penitent form for this week is 50.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

45 Corps—1 Report.

GRAND BANK.—At the close of the week's meetings we had in our net six real good souls—two for salvation and four for the blessing. How they did dance and shout! The net is out again in the same place and we are in for another good haul.—Lieut. L. Simons, for Capt. M. James.

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Corps—1 Report.

SKAGWAY.—This place might be termed the Windy City of the North, being situated in a valley between great mountains which tower more than a thousand feet into the heavens and the peaks of which are covered with snow all the year round. A few miles to the north of us is the famous White Pass, and the wind seems to sweep down from this into Skagway and continue all winter. With these cold winds have come the winds of salvation. Sunday was a blessed day especially the afternoon holiness meeting, when six souls came out for holiness and salvation, amongst them being two Juniors. God gloriously freed them, and some got shouting happy.—P. R. B., for Adj. and Mrs. McGill.

NORTH-WEST.

31 Corps—2 Reports.

GRAFTON.—Having grand times. Sinners are getting saved and soldiers blessed. We had with us Eosin Perry, the G. E. M. Agent, and grand times Grafton never saw. Six souls found pardon on Sunday. Then a great Hallelujah Wedding took place. We had with us Ensign F. Dean, from Grand Forks, who conducted the service, but the knot was tied by the Rev. Newcomb, of Grafton. The comrades who participated were Brother Samuel Mosser and Sister Clara G. Eberlington. After the ceremony everyone enjoyed a fine cup of coffee and a piece of wedding cake.—Scrib. Major Quist.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE and BRANDON.—Lieut. Colonel arrived at Portage in Prairie in good time accompanied by Ensign H. H. Kirk. The Mayor entertained the Lieut. Colonel at his home during his stay in the city. At meeting-time a good number of soldiers met for march. At the barracks a nice crowd had gathered.

Ensign H. H. Kirk soloed, "My name in mother's prayer," and the Lieut. Colonel spoke for some time. His talk was much appreciated by those present. Brandon was next, where a splendid series of meetings was held. The crowds were fair, and God's Spirit was felt in each gathering. At the close of the afternoon meeting, after those who were saved had stood to their feet, the Lieut. Colonel asked further for all the backsliders to stand, and some eighteen stood to their feet. It made a deep impression on all present, and will doubtless bring forth fruit. At night a large crowd gathered and two came forward.—J. C. H.

PACIFIC.

28 Corps—4 Reports.

VICTORIA.—Good meetings all week. Bro. Johnstone, from H. M. S. Warespite, gave his experience. He is a bright, lively Christian. Sunday night meeting good. Bro. Phipps, from H. M. S. Traction, assisted, also on Sunday afternoon. God bless the Blue Jackets. Mrs. Adj. Alward led, Staff Capt. Galt being at Nanaimo.—M. L.



OFFICERS AND LOCALS OF FEVERSHAM CORPS.
(With Capt. Poole, Capt. Slater and Capt. Richmond)

NANAIMO, B. C.—Capt. and Mrs. Lacey's stay was short, only two months. They fought well. God bless them! Capt. Krell is in charge at present. Staff-Capt. Galt, our D.O., favored us with a week-end.—Brother Renfold.

Gave Fifty Dollars.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Through the past week there has been steady firing kept up on the enemy's ranks. Many, we believe, have been wounded, though only one has surrendered to our God. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday we had Adj. Langtry, from Spokane Rescue Home, who is traveling on behalf of that work. God made her a blessing to Vancouver, and in return Vancouver people gave her over \$50 to help the Rescue Work. The meetings all day on Sunday were beautiful. Large crowds and platform well filled.—B. Norman, R. C.

MISSOULA.—Lieut. Long has arrived here to help push on the war. One backslider returned since last report. Good meetings, good collections, and War Oats all sold.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

EAST ONTARIO.

45 Corps—3 Reports.

OTTAWA.—Some time ago Captain McNaney said good-bye and has gone to another field of labor, while Lieut. Langford has filled the vacant position here. Adj. Hendricks commended the band on Thursday evening, with Bandmaster Cooper in charge and Bandman John Duncan as Band Sergeant. God bless the band. Two souls at the Cross Sunday, Nov. 5th, and ten

last Sunday evening. During the week three souls have stepped over the line. Two weeks ago one soul in the midst of the testimony meeting fell at the cross and found mercy in Jesus.—Sergt. French, R. C.

TWEED.—Since last writing Adj. Kendall has conducted a blessed meeting. God's power and presence were manifested in a beautiful manner, and when we closed we praised God for five souls. Adjutant went away but God remained, as Saturday's meeting proved, three souls giving themselves up to serve God. Sunday's meetings were not behind those preceding in power or feeling, as God spoke loudly to quite a number of souls, and two came and fell at His feet, and gave Him glory for their salvation.—Capt. and Mrs. Bencheil.

From Our French Comrade

MONTREAL (French Corps).—"There is nothing like the Salvation Army" was heard in every corner of the French barracks at Montreal on Thursday last. On that day there was a musical service conducted by Major and Mrs. Hargrave with the help of many really talented officers and the brass band of Montreal I. The hall

and Mrs. Oriehton led the meeting. Good day on Sunday, winning up at night with two souls for salvation.—Treas. Gashin.

ST. STEPHEN.—Victory in Friday night's holiness meeting. One comrade at the penitent form for sanctification, who rose from his knees and testified to having received the blessing. United with Calais corps on All Hallow Eve. Meeting led by Capt. Laws, of St. Stephen. Good crowd. Good attention. Bean supper at close of meeting; pronounced by good judges to be excellent. Cheers for Lieut. Cowan, officer (pro tem) in charge of Calais corps.—Soldier.

NORTH SYDNEY.—The fire is burning brightly around the District. A North Sydney, Sydney and Glee Bay souls are getting saved. Capt. Doyle, of Sydney Mines, has got settled in his quarters and moved to better barracks. He will be ready shortly to boom the soul-saving work. We have our S.D. targets and they will be smashed.—Magee.

Rescue Officers' Visit.

ANNAPOLIS.—The last two weeks labor has been arduous and blessed of God. One out for salvation. Adj. Jost and Adj. Jordan with us for a meeting. Everyone pleased to see the former, after an absence of nine years. Great crowd. Everyone believing for an outpouring of God's Spirit on Annapolis. Sunday night's meeting beautiful. Ensign Ebsary is full of faith.—M. R., R. C.

YARMOUTH.—Adj. Jost and Jordan of the St. John and Halifax Rescue Homes, were with us for Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Good meetings all day Sunday. At night four professed to find salvation. Monday afternoon and night meetings were held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms and the Music Hall in the interests of the Rescue work. Adj. Jost and Jordan spoke at both meetings, explaining the work. The people responded generously to the appeal for help.—A. E. H.

WEST ONTARIO.

38 Corps—5 Reports.

MITCHELL.—God is with us. On Sunday afternoon one precious soul came to Jesus after being a backslider for eight years.

DRAYTON.—Good meetings all day yesterday. Some heavy shots were fired at the devil's ranks, and we captured two prisoners at night. Many more are convicted.—A soldier.

ST. THOMAS.—Two souls on Saturday night, six souls on Sunday afternoon, and five young men at night, making eleven for the day, and twenty-two in four weeks. One young lad on Sunday night jumped up from the penitent form shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I know Jesus has saved me here to night." Monday night's public meeting was led by Capt. and Mrs. Cockwell. On Tuesday night soldiers turned out in full force to welcome our new P. O., Brigadier Pagnan, to St. Thomas. Staff-Capt. Phillips, Adj. McAmmond and Capt. Smith accompanied him. We had a wonderful time. B. C.

Everything Coming Up.

CHATHAM.—We have just returned from a visit to Wallaceburg and Dresden. Brigadier Scott and Lieut. Horwood are pushing forward the war at Wallaceburg. I had two nice meetings there. The soldiers' meeting on Friday night was good. They are 1. A 1 spirits and feel confident for victory in S.D. Crowds and collections are going up, and I believe the comrades are to have a good winter on soul saving. Ensign Skote leads the fight at Dresden. He has got right bold and victory is sure in this little town. We had six forward in the holiness meeting on Sunday morning. It was good to be there. Afternoon and night, good meetings and splendid crowds. Deep C. M. Many weeping over their ing in the hearts this place. I enroll on Sunday night is helping us. ers coming to The tide is r Coombs, D. GALT. week we Scott, al have in

WESTVILLE.—Since last report five out for full salvation. Meetings Sunday, good. Full house at night, all band to the front.—W. Hamilton.

HALIFAX I.—On Tuesday night three souls at the Cross, two of them Juniors. On Thursday night Adj.

and going in to help us in the great Salvation war. This week we said good-bye to our dear comrade, Bandmaster J. McMillan, who has gone to Toronto. We shall miss him very much, as he was a tower of strength to our corps. Over thirty comrades met together at Roll Call, and together we sat down to a farwell tea, after which J. S. S.-M. McQueen, Band-Sergeant, Schwartz, Sergeant-Major, McDougall and Mrs. Basiga McLeod delivered short addresses. The Bandmaster feelingly replied. The soldiers pledged themselves to do their very best for Self-Denial.—T. H. McLeod, Ensign.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—7 Reports.

RIVERSIDE.—Sunday night's program: Well filled hall. 9 p.m. desperate dealing, soul-stirring prayer meeting. The Holy Spirit striving. Heads hung. Hearts smitten. Breathless silence. A simple strain sung, "Jesus paid it all." "Is there one?" A young man stands and raises hand. "Every one sing softly, Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe." There he comes, with burning tears, to the Saviour. "Sin has left a crimson stain. He washed it white as snow." There comes the second. "Come along, sinners." Now the third. Hallelujah! And the fourth seeks God. Hallelujah! happiness. Many turn away touched by God.—N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

A Kiss in the Dark

UXBRIDGE.—Sunday night's subject, "A Kiss in the Dark." The young people flocked in to hear it. The power of God took hold of them. At close of meeting two sisters came out and got saved.—M. L. R. C.

ORANGEVILLE.—On Sunday last we had an enrolment of recruits, one Senior, one Junior. Good crowds. S. D. bull's-eye in sight, and Captain has his eye on it. Soldiers in good trim.—C. J. J., for Capt. Wiseman.

HAMILTON II.—Staff-Capt. Mantor visited our corps Saturday and Sunday. Beautiful time. Hall crowded. Finances doubled. Monday night lecture, "Matrimonial Muddle," enjoyed by all, especially the young people. Believe many will profit thereby.—F. Clink, Capt.

SOCIAL FARM.—On Wednesday, Nov. 1st, three men left and Captain Brooks and Bro. Goods gave their farewell testimonies. Capt. Edwards is sure the S. D. target will be smashed to atoms.—Chas. C. Goodin.

Staff-Capt. Harris, of Boston.

TEMPLE.—Sunday morning Staff-Captain gave a magnificent holiness address. Afternoon, Ibbotson Family, always welcome, came along. Their music was quite an attraction, and the people crowded in, eager to see and hear them play. At night we had three brigades working in the open-air. Very large march. Inside, the Jubilee Hall was packed. Every bit of room was filled right up. Staff-Capt. Wm. Harris, who was passing through the city on his way from Boston to St. Louis, Mo., called in and gave us a straight salvation address. The Staff-Capt. is an old-time Salvationist of several years' standing. The Ibbotson Family with us again at night. Bro. Kippax, who is a new arrival at our corps, and also an excellent violinist, and who, before his conversion, played at the Colosseum Theatre in London, Eng., played some enjoyable pieces. A red-hot prayer meeting was held in which four souls sought salvation, making a total of seven for the day—five for salvation and two for holiness. Teachers are booming now for S. D.—W. Peacock, R. C.

LINDSAY.—Sunday the hall was packed and the finances were good. Add. and Mrs. Wiggins said good-bye after a term of faithful service for God and souls. Since the Adjutant and his wife came to our midst they have done work which will stand the test of eternity.—Mrs. Killenbeck, J.S. Trean.

The brewers take the bread of the people and convert it into poison. The diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—Charles Darwin.



North-West Province.

Corps comprising the first list:
Moose Jaw (Female Agent) .. \$15.00
Lethbridge (Female Agent) .. 12.10
Calgary (Male and Female Agent) .. 10.23
\$37.33

Corps ranked in second list:
Fargo (Male Agent) .. \$6.50
Neepawa (Female Agent) .. 5.67
Valley City (Female Agent) .. 5.31
Midway (Female Agent) .. 5.26
Prince Albert (Male Agent) .. 5.00
Grand Forks (Female Agent) .. 5.00
\$32.18

Those who came in third:
Grafton and vicinity (Female Agent) .. \$4.66
Morden (Female Agent) .. 4.45
Edmonton (Female Agent) .. 4.19
Moosomin (Female Agent) .. 4.15
Moosehead (Female Agent) .. 2.90
Regina (Male Agent) .. 3.27
Brandon (Female Agent) .. 1.00
\$27.62

Those bringing up the rear comprise:
Emerson (Female Agent) .. \$1.83
Virden (Male Agent) .. 1.75
Oakes (Female Agent) .. 1.53
Hannah (Female Agent) .. 1.00
\$6.17

La Moule, Lisbon, Ridgeview, Byron and Devil's Lake did respectively \$0c., \$0c., \$0c., \$0c., and \$0c. I will not disclose to the world the sex of those who did under \$1, but we will hope for better returns next time, while very thankful for the small favors.

Leaving out Calgary, which was done by a Male and Female, the Female Agents (17) did \$22.59, or an average of \$3.12. The Male Agents did \$43.27, or an average of \$6.18, so you see the men average nearly double the women.

The question that arises to the P. A. is, if things had been turned around, there being 17 Male and 7 Female Agents, what would the income have been? Then there are the towns, of course, to consider. However, the men have more in proportion this time. The P. A. is pleased the Province did as well as it did. There were no returns from large boxes, as they arrived too late. However, they will come in this quarter, and then "we shall see what we shall see."—Ensign Perry.

Our Paris Shelter.

A few facts and figures re our Paris Shelter, which is situated only a few doors from the now famous "Fort Chabrol" and which celebrated its first birthday on Friday, September 1st, will doubtless interest War Cry readers.

On September 1st of last year, this Shelter, which is called

"The Hotellerie Populaire"

(Popular Hostelry), opened wide its doors for the first time to the city's outcasts, only twelve of whom responded to the invitation and slept under our roof that first night. However, things soon changed, for the following night saw treble (thirty-six) that number at the Shelter, and ere the first fortnight was out the attendance had run up to ninety-eight, and, by September 30th, the register showed a nightly return of 150.

In January, so great was the popularity of our Wayside Inn, that the number of beds, which up to then had numbered 225, had to be increased to 240, thus raising our Shelter to the second rank among kindred institutions in the city.

For anybody who knows anything of the difficulties that the Army, or any other religious institution, has to contend with in France, the following

figures will have special significance. Number of persons sleeping at the Shelter during the month of—

September, 1898, war ..	2,710
October ..	2,518
November ..	5,732
December ..	6,937
January, 1899 ..	6,965
February ..	6,320
March ..	7,238
April ..	6,063
May ..	5,507
June ..	5,394
July ..	4,578
August ..	3,780

Totalling up we find that during the first twelve months the Hotellerie Populaire was opened, no fewer than 12,178 beds had been booked in advance by those anxious to secure a comfortable night's rest at a minimum cost of twopence and a maximum of fourpence, and that the annual attendance at the Shelter has been no less than 69,402 persons. Going yet a little further into detail, we find that 38 beds were nightly bespoken and settled for in advance, and that 180 was the number of inmates sleeping nightly, throughout the year, at our Paris Night Shelter.

As to our guests, they may thus be classified: Parisians, 3,270; Provincials, 7,853; Alsacians and Lorrainers, 401; and 645 foreigners, thus made up: Americans 31, Austrians 25, Belgians 151, Dutch 11, Danes 4, English 27, Germans 80, Greeks 3, Italians 88, Russians 22, Swiss 150, Turks 15, Spaniards 5.

History Class

I.—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XVII.

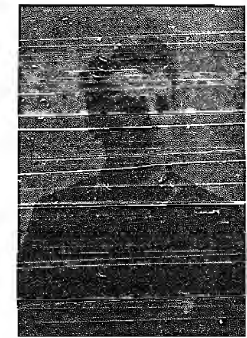
THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

Alexander had an unquenchable desire, after the conquest of Babylon, to explore the far East. With his army he entered India, and passed through the historic Khyber Pass to the banks of the Indus, where he fought a great battle with King Porus, a brave enemy who was finally conquered and made prisoner. Alexander and Porus became fast friends. In all 85 cities of the Indus were conquered by Alexander, and two new ones founded. He was anxious to press on and see all the wonders of India, but his troops were weary of marching and he was forced to retreat. He chose a different route for his return, by building ships in which he intended to coast along the shores to the mouth of the Euphrates.

A dangerous enemy was encountered at Mooltan, a fort protected by a strong outer wall, but while his men were following him the ladder broke and he fell from the top of the wall. His guards begged him to jump back to them, but he scorned such an action and leapt into the fort among the enemy, which gave way for a moment. Alexander put his back against the wall and defended himself for some time with his sword, but was finally shot at with long arrows, one of which pierced his breast. Some of his guards had come to his aid by this time and held their shields over him until their comrades had conquered the fort. Alexander was carried as one dead. In the tent, however, his spirits rallied. The arrow was found fastened in his breast bone, and he bade a friend cut a gash wide enough to allow the barbed ends to be extracted. It took weeks to restore him to health. In the meantime the ships were proceeding with him and his army along the Indian Ocean, a ship came sight to the Greeks. Before sailing he marched inland to collect provisions and water for the journey, and in this attempt his soldiers suffered fearfully in the dry and desert country. Alexander himself shared their privations, and when once a soldier secured in his helmet a little water, under great difficulty, for the King, the latter thanked his warrior, but poured the water on the ground, refusing to take it himself when his troops had none. Finally, after losing their way, he reached a city in Persia. The governors he had left there had expected him to perish in India and had shamefully robbed the people. Alexander, without distinction, pun-

ished both Greek and Persian offenders. He concluded by a reunion of both nations, and at the celebration married eighty Greek bridegrooms to eighty Persian brides. Alexander himself married a daughter of Darius. He then set himself to the strengthening of Babylon's fortifications, preparing it to be the capital of his vast empire.

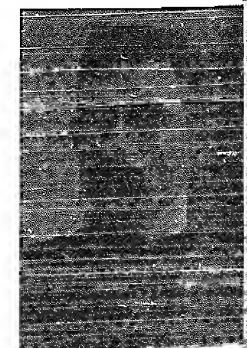
While going about in a boat to give orders to drain the swampy ground around Babylon, he caught a fever. The Greeks, who hated him, said he drank too much wine. This angered him, and he sank gradually, and finally died in 323 B.C., at the age of only thirty-three years.



Lieutenant Gray,
Promoted to Glory from Springfield, N.S.,
Oct. 15th, 1898.

TO HEAVEN FROM BARRIE

Our dear comrade, Bro. Teddy Howcroft, has gone to be with Jesus. Last Sunday week, though feeling poorly, he attended the meetings and gave his testimony with the rest of the comrades. We little thought that it would be the last that we should listen to, but so it was, for he was taken very sick on Tuesday. He died a triumphant death and left a beautiful testimony behind him. Almost his last words were, when asked by the writer, "Is Jesus precious now?" he said, "Yes, so precious, so precious." The funeral service was conducted by Captain Wilson, assisted by the writer. The memorial service was very impressive. We believe God spoke to many hearts.—Alice Charlton, Capt.



Brother Milson.

Fate Secretary of Oshawa, Promoted to Glory, Oct. 18th, 1898.

There is no vaunting with death when it comes.

It is the mark of a man not to flinch from his promise.

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THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Famine in Central India is Reaching an Appallingly Shocking State.

THE ARMY HAS OPENED TWENTY-FIVE CHEAP GRAIN DEPOTS.

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign Office, London, from Lieut.-Colonel Nurnal, Gujarat, India:

My Dear Commissioner:—You will know that not all hope of rain is over; and that a dreadful famine prevails in the Central Territory—Rajputana, Gujarat, and Panah Mahala. There has been no famine in these parts since the year 1877, and it is stated in the newspapers that those who remember that famine agree that this one is much worse. There were no less than ten thousand persons seeking work at one tank at Ahmedabad the other day; four thousand of these were refused because they belonged to native States; two thousand were returned, and the others would have been, but they slunk away.

Everything costs twice the ordinary rate, and, though the Government is doing what it can in opening up Relief Works in different centres, the rate of wages is very low—viz: 24 annas per day for men, 2 annas for women, and 6 pice for children. This, when prices are so high, will purchase but little.

In Rajputana the chiefest need is free distribution; the scarcity has been there for three years, and hundreds of people lie on the sides of the road too weak to work.

We have in this Territory many thousands of soldiers and adherents enrolled upon our books, and a multitude of little school-children to care for, besides the thousands of others, in the villages where we work, who look to the Salvation Army before all others, as their helpers and religious teachers. To care properly for them, something on a large scale should be organized, and that immediately. We have already opened twenty Grain Shops with free distribution, but this is only like a drop in the bucket compared to the need—it is like playing at helping, so tiny is the supply for the great crowds which come. I have received the most distressing letters from every officer in charge of a Grain Shop begging that their capital be immediately at least doubled, as the crowds which are each time turned away are four or five times as large as those they can supply. Not only ought these Grain Shops to be increased, but we ought to open up at least ten more, as the distances between the Grain Shops are great.

Our soldiers are mostly weavers; but owing to the high price of grain and general poverty, they can at present find no sale for their cloth. They, therefore, have to sit idle in their houses; how, then, can they get rice even for cheap grain?

The little children need help most of all. When we gathered our Jamdars (Local Officers) together at Asodra for a meeting, giving them food afterwards, we found they had not tasted anything for two days. Poor people! You can think how the children suffer, and over and over again the parents have come to me entreating the Salvation Army to take their children. They want to shield their children, even if they suffer themselves.

Capt. Hooker, who is collecting at Ajmere, visited the District Magistrate there. He is responsible for employing or feeding 2,400 persons, and fears that very soon he will have many homeless children on his hands. He wants to know if the Salvation Army will be prepared to take a number of these, if he has them, and is willing for a reply. Surely the Salvation Army cannot refuse to answer this great need!

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign Office, from Abdul, Staff-Capt.: Those of us living in the Central

Indian Territory know what it is to have a constantly aching heart, and to feel an almost hopeless helplessness in the midst of this terrible visitation of famine. Thousands of the very old and very young have died, while those who were strong are daily becoming weak. The poor agriculturists have lost their cattle through the drought, removing the possibility of ploughing in the future.

It is a terrible thing to know that out of every ten people one meets going from village, nine of them are really



Some Famine-Stricken Indians.

starving. With no work, no money, and no food, they must soon die.

We are doing all we can, but it is woefully insufficient. We must have money to feed the people. England must help us! It is pathetic to see our big, strong Jamdars (Local Officers) of the village corps sit in the meetings, to hear their songs and testimonies, see their smiles of welcome, and hear their officers whisper afterwards: "These men have had no food for two days!" Yet they never complain; never beg. And we can do so little for them, being so poor ourselves. God help us all!

Ah, if you ever lived here and saw them, and heard their cries, you would feel that the children alone were worth any amount of trouble and self-sacrifice. Sometimes we long to get away and hide ourselves, but that would be cowardly; so we go on doing our best, and praying God to touch the hearts of those who have the wherewithal to help India's precious people.

Do not think we have exaggerated or over-colored. The distress will grow more and more, until the next rain comes—ten months hence—and the harvest is reaped. God bless you! Do help us, for Jesus' sake and India's sake!

FROM WEST ONTARIO.

The "Comrade," West Ontario Province, sends glorious tidings of soul-saving. St. Thomas had a big haul on Sunday; Woodstock reports three; Drayton, and a number of other corps, report a grand week-end. A big enrolment at Dresden; quite a number waiting to follow suit in the Palmerston District. The Brigadier has had a wonderful reception at every place visited; souls have come forward at not a few corps during his trip. Look out! He's coming your way. The Brigadier has promoted Lieut. Hockin, who remains in charge of Norwich, as assisted by Lieut. Edwards. Ensign Gamble returns to the fight at Waterloo, after a brief rest in the East. We regret to announce the break-down of Lieut. Knuckle. The doctor has ordered a complete rest for two months at least. The Lieutenant is a faithful, devoted girl, and we ask our comrades to bear her up before the throne. We built with pleasure Mrs. Major Cooper's return to the front again. And finally, brethren, don't forget the Sick and Wounded Fund. We are in great need. The Fund is overdrawn. Let us have a good response.

put the same spirit into all with whom we came in contact.

We needed a deal of patience and faith, because it was not until we had been working for about twelve months that we saw any sign of improvement or advance. Still we labored on; God began to pour out His Spirit, souls in great numbers cried for mercy, new towns were opened; soldiers were made; the authorities looked at us with different eyes; and the Army has continued to grow, so that at the present moment we have a hundred corps in full working order, a Junior work of ninety corps, which is undeniably indeed, considering it was only really been in operation about two and a-half years.

Slum Work

In addition to this we have eight slum posts, with sixteen women continually going about day and night finding the destitute and starving, to care for and give them all the attention possible. Our slum work differs from the English in this, that we do not have public meetings in connection with it. Any souls who get saved are linked on to the nearest corps. We have also two Rescue Homes, one in Berlin, accommodating twenty-five girls, which is usually full. Sixty-five per cent. of the cases are good, and give evidence of conversion. The ages of the girls who have come through this Home vary from thirteen to thirty. The other Home, in Hamburg, was opened only a few months ago, also with accommodation for twenty-five. The results of our work here we cannot yet speak of, but the prospects are bright.

We have also a Maternity Home with ten beds, and a Children's Home, accommodating twenty-five children. One comfort is that all the places are well on the way to self-support. I might also say that at each place we have doctors who, out of love and esteem for the Army, give all their services free.

In Strasbourg we began our work two years ago. God has done wonders, and souls have been saved by hundreds. There are now three corps in the city, and crowds gather nightly in each of our halls. The latest opening is under the command of Ensign Dietrich, an officer of nine years' standing. Saved at the age of fifteen years, at the Army penitentiary, she was not allowed to see her friends for eight years because she was a Salvationist.

A Case in Point.

Let me just narrate a recent conversion of one who is now a Cadet in our Training Home: A lady from a good family came in touch with the Army, and saw there that the formal religion which she possessed was useless. She therefore, went to the penitentiary, got converted, and became a soldier. As a result, she was hated by her family, and treated in a most brutal manner by her sister, being beaten and shut up in a room without anything to eat. When this failed to turn her from her purpose, they said she was mad, and got a doctor to confirm this, thus trying to prove that she was incapable of managing the property and money which she possessed. The whole affair came before the courts, and her family tried to show she had lost her reason because she had signed our Articles of War. These were asked for by the Judge, and read out in court. The Judge decided that only a person in their right senses could or would sign these Articles, and the case was decided in favor of our sister. She then separated entirely from her family, because a Candidate, and is now a Cadet, with the prospect of becoming a very successful officer.

Another of the Catholics there that we have entered during the last two years is Cologne, and today we have a very successful work going on. Three halls are nightly open, converts are being made, and the future of our work in the city appears very good indeed.

The prospects ahead of us are simply marvellous! We have undertaken to open sixty new stations in connection with the Twentieth Century Scheme, and before this year is out we expect to have fixed upon our first Metropolitan for fifty women. This article is only intended to give our readers a bird's-eye view of what has been done, and what shall yet be done by the Army in Germany. We give all the glory to our God, and much love to greater and more glorious victories.

Even if we sit crooked let us stand straight.



Lieutenant Gray,
Promoted to Glory from Springfield, N.S.,
Oct. 15th, 1909.

TO HEAVEN FROM BARRIE

Our dear comrade, Bro. Teddy Howcroft, has gone to be with Jesus. Last Sunday week, though feeling poorly, he attended the meetings and gave his testimony with the rest of the comrades. We little thought that it would be the last that we should listen to, but so it was, for he was taken very sick on Tuesday. He died a triumphant death and left a beautiful testimony behind him. Almost his last words were, when asked by the writer, "Is Jesus precious now?" he said, "Yes, so precious, so precious." The funeral service was conducted by Captain Wilson, assisted by the writer. The memorial service was very impressive. We believe God spoke to many hearts.—Alice Charlton, Capt.

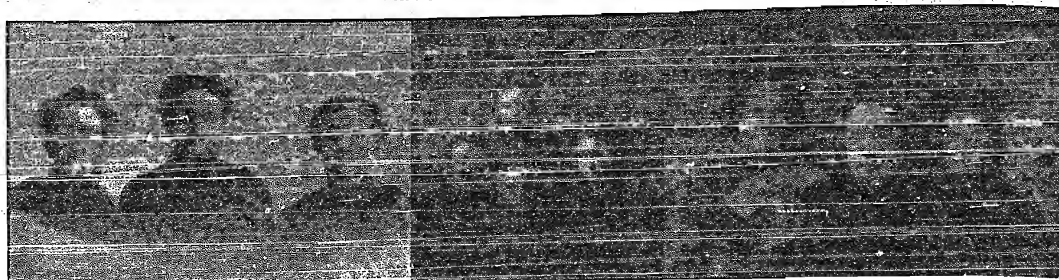


Brother Mullien,

Late Secretary of Oslawa, Promoted to Glory, Oct. 18th, 1909.

There is no vaunting with death when it comes.

It is the mark of a man not to look from his promise.



The Howcroft Sisters.
Capt. Jennie and Lieut. Maggie, Owen Sound,
Capt. Clara, Berlin.

Corps Cadet M. Holden,
Puo. Sergt. Susie Holden, Corps Cadet Fox,
Junior Oille Lorrillard, Windsor, N.S.

Sergt. J. Irons, Corps Cadet Shapraham,
and P. S. M. Minnie Smith,
of Windsor, N.S.

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS.

The Defaulting East Again

NIGGER TRIUMPHANT.

Skagway's "Hot Cakes."

ANOTHER DIG AT SPOKANE.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.

It is with considerable shamefacedness that I confess to the fact that the Eastern boomers' list has not yet shown its face in my office. If Major Pickering can suitably explain his conduct I shall be pleased. If he can't, then I shall resort to some means of punishing him. It pains me to say this, but I must use the rod sometimes. It seems.

However, I must not judge harshly. Fair play demands that we hear the defence before forming our judgment.

The other Provinces stand thus:

North-West Province	32
Pacific Province	3
Newfoundland Province	3
Klondike Expedition	3

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

Central Ontario Province	102
West Ontario Province	92
East Ontario Province	86

The Central is again to the front, as large as life. Well, if that don't beat anything! Let me hear no more cries of "Poor Nigger!" I declare he is in no urgent need of sympathy. If he keeps on winning, I presume his neck will so swell with pride that he'll need a larger collar!

I must see Brigadier Pugmire at once. There must be some cause for the lack of boomers from West Ontario Province. If the Brigadier can't explain it, I must address myself to Staff-Capt. Phillips, who is well in touch with the whole field. The Staff Captain is an old friend of mine, and will doubtless disclose some state secrets. Even now, as I write these remarks, some sudden news from London telling of 112 boomers may come from my dreams.

Adj. McGill, the latest deserter from the ranks of the "great unmarried and un-cured-for" with ample apologies to the suffering remainder, says: "War Crys sell like hot cakes in Skagway." I must hear it. Why not order more hot cakes? A very desirable thing, I should say, in the cold, northern climate.

You must really excuse me this week, dear Spokane Headquarters, for inserting your boomers' list just as it was received. We don't want to do it again. If you'll only treat us fair. You will confer a favor on the long-suffering printers down stairs if you send us your list like other provinces do, in numerical order. A printer's life is not an enviable one, I assure you, from a lazy man's standpoint, and we studiously endeavor to make it as endurable as possible. It's the last straw, they say, that breaks the camel's back.

Sister Lewis, our indefatigable victory boomer, has been laid aside by sickness. We are glad to hear she is up and about.

THE WEST.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.	
SISTER MRS. HEATH, Portage	103
Cadet Nuttal, Winnipeg	96
Capt. Barringer, Moose Jaw	83
Capt. McKay, Devil's Lake	71
Cadet Giles, Winnipeg	70
Cadet-Capt. Mrs. Gilliam	66
Capt. Woodworth, Prince Albert	61
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	51
Sister A. Cooke, Fargo	51
Sister Mrs. Kelly, Fargo	54
Cadet McRae, Winnipeg	51
Capt. Anderson, Jamestown	50
Capt. Myers, Edmonton	50
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	46
Ensign Taylor, Regina	45
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	45
Mrs. Emma Hinkirk, Rat Portage	43
Cadet Hargreaves, Rat Portage	40
Capt. Livingston, Fort William	40
Capt. Clarke, Virden	40
Lieut. Hagen, Moosomin	38
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	37
Bro. Harvey, Valley City	36
Adj. Thomas, Jamestown	34
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	32
Cadet Ferguson, Lishon	31
Sergt. Mrs. Johnson, Seikik	31
Capt. Pearce, Moosomin	29
Capt. Bransford, Lishon	27
Capt. Cronanthy, Seikik	25
Bro. Meron, Lethbridge	25
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	25
Sister M. Meron, Grand Forks	25
Sergt. Dan Reese, Neepawa	23
Capt. Smith, Laramie	22
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Draper, Laramie	20
Capt. Halsted, Bismarck	20
Lieut. Kreiger, Hannah	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.	
Capt. Beament, Kamloops	33
Lieut. Nesbit, Kamloops	42
Capt. Krel, Nanaimo	40
Lizale Cowie, Nanaimo	31
SISTER L. FORSBERG, Butte	161
Sister Rowe, Butte	57
Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke	30
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke	4
Mrs. Nottle, Revelstoke	4
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, New Westminster	6
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	0
ADJ. WOODBRIDGE, Nelson	113
Capt. Larrick, Sherrin	59
MRS. CAPT. BROWN, Amcouda	18
Lieut. Long, Missoula	18
Lieut. Betts, Kallispell	16
Mrs. Powell, New Whitcomb	50
Lieut. Ziehrth, New Whitcomb	7
Capt. Hearn, Rossland	191
Bro. Overbold, Rossland	20
Jas. Butler, Rossland	21
CADDET JOHNSON, Spokane	157
Capt. Noble, Spokane	84

Cadet J. W. Bowyer, Mt. Vernon	45
Cadet H. Labbilla, Mt. Vernon	2
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Trail	75
Sister A. Lewis, Victoria	70
Lieut. Patterson, Victoria	60
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	40
Sister Neenie Little, Victoria	33
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	25

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

8 Hustlers.	
Cadet Wright, St. John's	40
Cadet Ludlow, St. John's	4
Cand. Clark, St. John's	40
Cand. Dunder, St. John's	25
Sergt. March, St. John's	25
Bessie Hiseck, St. John's	20
Mary Newell, St. John's	20
Capt. James, Grand Bank	32

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.	
Adj. McGill, Skagway	50
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	50
Ensign Bloss, Skagway	80

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.	
102 Hustlers.	
SISTER MRS. PEARCE, Temple	102
Sister Esauig Wyuu, Newmarket	71
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	57
Capt. Reule, Orillia	57
Sergt. Passmore, Hamilton	45
Sergt. Bowker, Lisgar	55
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	51
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	50
Sister Mrs. Medlock, Temple	50
Lieut. Greavett, North Bay	50
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Lieut. Cooper, Chesley	50
Bro. Thos. Boyer, Bracebridge	41
Capt. Stilliker, Riverside	47
Capt. Charlton, Barrie	46
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	45
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	45
Capt. Peale, Dovercourt	45
Capt. Grant, Richmond St.	45
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	44
Capt. White, Riverside	43
Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound	43
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	4
Adj. Cameron, Bracebridge	40
Capt. Gunnalside, Iwandas	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Capt. Bowers, Meaford	40
Lieut. Stickells, Meaford	40
Treas. Killingbeck, Lindsay	40
Sister Lepord, Collingwood	36
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville	35
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	35
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	34
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	35
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	35
Sergt. Gibbs, Yorkville	37
Cadet Purock, Lippincott	35
Cadet Turner, Temple	4
Adj. Moore, Hamilton	33
P. S. M. Reall, St. Catharines	32
Sister Bentley, Hamilton	33
Bro. Cates, Hamilton	30
Sister Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton	3
Cadet Crozier, Temple	29
Sergt. Matheson, Temple	30
Sergt. Gibbs, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville	30
Lieut. Patterson, Little Current	29
Capt. Polline, Little Current	29
Capt. Meeks, Brooklin	29
Floet. Young, Fitchburg	29
Capt. Fisher, Albion Harbor	29
Cadet Groombridge, Temple	29
Lieut. Stickells, Midland	29
Capt. Rankinson, Midland	29
Capt. Matthews, Lisgar	29
Adj. Seart, Lisgar	24

Lieut. Paxton, Gravenhurst	27
Lieut. Marskell, Temple	27
Cadet Panacy, Temple	25
Cadet Plant, Temple	25
Cadet McGregor, Temple	25
Bro. Smith, Midland	25
Lieut. Edwards, Peversham	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton	25
Capt. Nelson, Brampton	25
Capt. McCann, Oshawa	25
Lieut. Parker, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riversdale	25
Lieut. Culvert, St. Catharines	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton	25
Cadet Reynolds, Lippincott	25
Cadet Lippincott, Lippincott	25
Sister Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	24
Cadet Leggat, Temple	24
Cadet Bishop, Temple	24
Bro. C. C. Good, Social Farm	22
Sister Jennie McQuig, Temple	22
Sister Ethel McQuig, Lippincott	22
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton	22
Father Curry, Hamilton	22
Sister Maude Wooster, Hamilton	20
Capt. Banks, Hamilton	20
Sister Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.	
82 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Rogers, Lisgar	20
Sergt. Luck, Lisgar	20
Capt. Cornish, Brampton	20
Capt. Lott, Owenace	20
Cand. Glover, Owen Sound	20
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	20
Sister Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	20
Sister Mrs. Mayes, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Cockins, Meaford	20
Sister Sherwood Collingwood	20
Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	20
Adj. Fox, Lindsay	20
S.M. Courtman, Temple, N.Y.	20
Sister Carlen, Yorkville	20

Ensign Rogers, Lisgar	20
Capt. Wood	20
Capt. Bricker	20
Mark Speed	20
Adj. Ogilvie	20
Capt. Willson	20
Adj. Kendall	20
Capt. Luss	20
Sister Sharnod	20
Capt. Burthe	20
Lieut. Yauda	20
Sergt. Thompson	20
Capt. Fitcher	20
Capt. Brown	20
Lieut. Brooke	20
Capt. Slatford	20
Bro. Meares, M.	20
Bro. Wilbur, M.	20
Lieut. Almark	20
Lieut. Carter	20
Lieut. Cook	20
Capt. Titus, P.	20
Lieut. Hlekan	20
Ensign Ward	20
Capt. French	20
Capt. Downey	20
Capt. Jones	20
Sergt. Richman	20
Capt. Grose	20
Capt. Constock	20
Lieut. Lang	20
Mrs. Capt. C.	20
Mary Baker	20
Staff-Capt. P.	20
Capt. Raadul	20
Mrs. Shaver	20
Sister Brown	20
Capt. Magee	20
Lieut. Liddell	20
Bro. Labron	20
Lieut. McEwa	20
Mrs. Ensign J.	20
Hannah Smith	20
Bro. Stone	20
Capt. Slater	20
Capt. Munford	20
Sister Roberts	20
Capt. Crego	20
Lieut. Norman	20
Lieut. Newell	20
Capt. Green	20
Mrs. Hipper	20
Mrs. Capt. B.	20
Mrs. Stevenson	20
Maud Edmund	20
Dad Duquett	20
Steve Stanzel	20
Sergt. Downey	20
Sergt. Cogle	20
Sergt. Linc	20
Capt. Bearshol	20
Capt. Mitchell	20
Capt. Crego	20
Ensign Sims	20
Sister Nicholson	20
Capt. Vance	20
Sister Simpson	20
Apple McCorke	20

Mrs. Ensh
P. S. M. I
Sister M. J
Adj. McA
Father Cu
Sister O. J
Ensign Mc
Chris. Jaci
Mrs. Broad
Sister Groe
Mrs. Knapp
Marshall
Lieut. Win
See Mrs. E.
Maud Dunn
Capt. Burto
P. S. M. V
Sister Quic
Adj. Black
May Christ
Wesley Gra
Capt. Hunt
Stanley Tu
Aggie Ellis
Mrs. Livius
Ensign Mc
Capt. McDo
Lieut. Crabi
Mrs. Steele
Mrs. Capt. I
Sister Close
Adj. Mella
Bro. Many
Cadet Craw
Bro. Christ
Ensign Gre
Capt. Green
Capt. Fell
Sister Burns
Lieut. Edwa
Ensign Craw
Capt. Slizer

EAST ONT.
LIEUT. LAN
CADDET HIC
ENRIGN ST
SERGT. DU
SERGT. MAJ
Lieut. Ash
Capt. Huxli
Mrs. Barber
Lieut. Ludov
Sergt. Rogers
Capt. Woods
Capt. Bricker
Mark Speed
Adj. Ogilvie
Capt. Willson
Adj. Kendall
Capt. Luss
Sister Sharnod
Capt. Burthe
Lieut. Yauda
Sergt. Thompson
Capt. Fitcher
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Bro. Meares, M.
Bro. Wilbur, M.
Lieut. Almark
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Capt. Titus, P.
Lieut. Hlekan
Ensign Ward
Capt. French
Capt. Downey
Capt. Jones
Sergt. Richman
Capt. Grose
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Lieut. Lang
Mrs. Capt. C.
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Capt. Green
Mrs. Hipper
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Sergt. Downey
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Sergt. Linc
Capt. Bearshol
Capt. Mitchell
Capt. Crego
Ensign Sims
Sister Nicholson
Capt. Vance
Sister Simpson
Apple McCorke

Mrs. Ensign Miller, Listowel	3
P. S. M. Dearling, Hespeler	3
Sister M. Tremaine, Listowel	30
Adjt. McAmmond, London	28
Father Cutting, Essex	27
Sister O. Donnell, Galt	27
Ensign McLeod, Galt	27
Chris. Jacklin, London	27
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	23
Sister Groom, Blenheim	25
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Marshall Beun, Wallaceburg	25
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	24
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	24
Maud Durrant, Galt	23
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	22
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Sister Gault, Stratford	21
Adjt. Blackburn, Windsor	21
May Christler, London	21
Wesley Graham, London	20
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	20
Stanley Rumble, Blenheim	20
Aggie Hiltz, Blenheim	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	20
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	20
Lieut. Crank, Bothwell	20
Mrs. Steele, Petrolia	20
Mrs. Capt. Keeler, Petrolia	20
Sister Close, Brantford	20
Adjt. McHarg, Brantford	20
Bro. Manyas, Brantford	20
Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Bro. Christner, Dresden	20
Ensign Green, Stratford	20
Capt. Green, Stratford	20
Capt. Bell, Stratford	20
Sister Burns, Dresden	20
Lieut. Edwards, Norwileh	20
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	20
Capt. Stitzer, Woodstock	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hussiers.	
Lieut. Langford, Ottawa	145
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans	117
Ensign Staiger, Gananoque	107
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	100
Sergt. Major Perkins, Barre	100
Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg	97
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	99
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	90
Lieut. Ludlow, Newport	90
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	90
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	88
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	85
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	81
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	80
Capt. Wilson, St. Johnsbury	84
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville	77
Capt. Bliss, Prescott	75
Sister Shurdon, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Burth, Brockville	69
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville	69
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	66
Lieut. Pitcher, Arnprior	65
Capt. Brown, Burlington	65
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	62
Bro. Moors, Montreal I.	61
Bro. Wilbur, Barre	61
Lieut. Almark, Belleville	54
Lieut. Carter, St. Johnsbury	57
Lieut. Cook, Canticooke	59
Capt. Titus, Pembroke	58
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	58
Ensign Ward, Kingston	59
Capt. French, Kingston	59
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	59
Capt. Jones, Montreal II.	59
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	59
Capt. Grose, Trenton	56
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	56
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	56
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	55
Mary Baker, Napanee	55
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	55
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	4
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	4
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	4
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	4
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	4
Bro. Labron, Perth	4
Lieut. McIlwan, Kemptville	4
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Picton	4
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	4
Bro. Stone, Lakeside	4
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	4
Capt. Munford, St. Albans	4
Sister Robertson, Barre	4
Capt. Craig, Kemptville	4
Lieut. Norman, Millbrook	4
Lieut. Newell, Peterboro	4
Capt. Green, Picton	4
Mrs. Hippien, Montreal II.	4
Mrs. Capt. Beachell, Tweed	4
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	4
Maud Edmonds, Odessa	4
Dad Duquett, Trenton	4
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	4
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	4
Sergt. Goggin, Kingston	4
Sergt. Jline, Kingston	4
Capt. Beachell, Tweed	4
Capt. Mitchell, Simsbury	4
Capt. Craig, Odessa	4
Ensign Biffs, Barre	4
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	4
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield	4
Sister Simpson, Brockville	4
Annie McKelkel, Ottawa	4

Mrs. Bliss, Ottawa	20
Sergt. Cuthingsworth, Montreal IV	20
Ensign Jones, Picton	20
Minnie Carey, Burlington	20
Lizzie Berry, Quebec	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III.	20

Brigadier Sharp in the Act of "Booting" his Unwilling Sined.



"Get up, ye bawky creature! Why can't ye behave yourself as well as them other horses across the Straits?"

West Ontario S.-D.

CHALLENGES.

Class I.—London Juniors throw down the gauntlet to any Junior Corps in the Province. What about Ingersoll Capt. Burton? We are waiting. It is your move.

Class II.—Brantford challenges Strat-

Class VIII.—Here's another sky-cracker! Bothwell (Capt. McE.) is after the devil with both feet, and is in to beat the countryside.

Class IX.—Capt. Copeman (Watford) throws down the glove to Forest (Capt. Bonny) who immediately accepts the challenge. Capt. Bonny writes us as follows: "With pleasure I accept Capt. Copeman's challenge. He's not in it." It will be interesting to watch this contest. Copeman has good staying powers, and will give a good account of himself. Capt. Fyne (Drayton) is also after Watford, and desires to try conclusions with the worthy Copeman. We are watching Bayfield's move.

Class X.—Listen! This is the way to talk. Captain Jarvis (Theford) writes thus: "I challenge anything in my class (X)." How's that for plain Anglo-Saxon? We rather think the Captain knows what he is about, too. Bravo, Capt. Carr (Wyoming). The Captain would like to hear from Capt. Jordan (Mitchell). Now, Jordan, will you take up the challenge?

The Empire's Safety.

We belong to the greatest Empire that this world has ever seen, and not only is this the vastest Empire, but it is also the most opulent. Ours is an Empire teeming with wealth, genius, and splendid possibilities. With this



Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp arrived in the city on Thursday, Oct. 19th, in excellent spirits, having enjoyed the councils held in Toronto. Arrangements had been made for a Staff Council for the following Thursday. Many things were discussed for the benefit of the Island. On Friday night a meeting was held in the Citadel, led by the Brigadier and Staff.

A good crowd was in attendance. After the second song, the Brigadier read from Peter, and gave out some splendid ideas. Following this the D. O's gave an account of the work in their Districts.

Ensign Brown, of Greenspond, mentioned the increases that had been made in his District in Juniors and Band of Love members (a good figure); also said there were great chances of new openings. Men have written him and one man walked over twenty miles to see him, with respect to an officer to open up their plaid meetings.

Ensign Snow spoke of that had been achieved vista District, and poets, stating the very fact.

